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GOLFIANA MISCELLANEA.

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BEING

A Collection of Interesting Monographs on the Royal and Ancient Game of Golf

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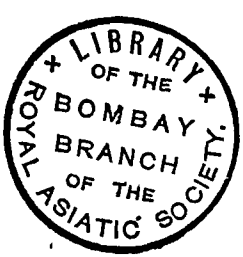
EDITED BY

JAMES LINDSAY STEWART



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PREFACE.

THE editor of the present volume having for some time felt interested in golfing literature, and having had experience, along with others, of the great difficulty there is in procuring, some of the scarcer productions, had thus suggested to his mind, the idea of a small collection at a low price, and so within the reach of any one.

So far as the wealthy devotees of the pastime are concerned, Mr. Clark's most beautiful volume supplies all that could possibly be wished, or that the imagination could fancy. The present attempt is of a more humble nature, and may bring within the reach of some what may be highly appreciated, but which, on the score of cost, may not hitherto have been quite attainable. No doubt the present work contains many defects, both probably of omission as well as of commission, and the hope is expressed that such drawbacks may be dealt with forbearingly. Should occasion be afforded of bringing out a second edition, there will be an opportunity of rendering the collection more perfect, and thus more interesting.

It is a good sign of the present and more immediately

preceding generations, that the love for this manly and invigorating pastime has been very greatly on the increase. And the Scottish people may congratulate themselves that the early attempts to "cry down" by authority, their national game, failed; and that notwithstanding the risk that it then incurred of being obliterated from the list of Scottish pastimes, the game has been perpetuated to the present generation. As likewise that the golfer can never again labour under the disadvantages, that his prototype two or three hundred years ago had to contend with.

Along with the more widely extended attachment to the game, there has been also a largely-increasing interest in its literature and historical associations. The literary productions on the subject are not very numerous, and such as they are, whether historical, poetical, or descriptive, all, except such as may have been published within a few years, are scarce and difficult to get. A number of golfing articles have also from time to time been appearing in newspapers and magazines of the day; some of these are very interesting, and of course not now attainable in ordinary circumstances by the general reader. Among the earliest productions is *The Goff: An Heroi-Comical Poem in Three Cantos*, by Thomas Matheson. The author was a native of Edinburgh, and appears to have been himself an ardent golfer, and to have been associating with

the enthusiasts of the day, many of them high in the social scale, including President Forbes and others. The *Historical Account of the Game of Golf*, published by the Thistle Golf Club in 1824, is a most scholarly and learned production, and will no doubt always rank as among the most important writings on the subject. Carnegie's *Golfiana*, published in 1842, created very considerable interest in its day, and from its lively and facetious style, will, in all probability, long continue to be a favourite. For the same reason the two prose sketches by James Paterson, which this volume contains, will continue to be read with interest—namely, the *Historical Sketch of Golf*, and *The Cock o' the Green*, both extracted from Kay's Edinburgh Portraits. The author was a most able and versatile writer, and from whose pen many works of merit have come, among others a *History of Ayrshire*, in five volumes.

As to the descriptions of, and directions for, playing the game, it is questionable if the work of H. B. Farnie ("Keen Hand"), published first in 1857, has for full detail and methodical treatment ever been excelled, and that it will keep its own place, we cannot doubt. Since its first appearance, there have been several guides or manuals issued, but they mostly appear to be a good deal indebted to the foregoing volume—the work itself is extremely

scarce. A good many other interesting pieces, of considerable merit and variety of character, will be found in these pages. As already intimated, no doubt the list might have been extended, and at some future time perhaps an opportunity may be afforded of doing so.

The Editor desires to express thanks to authors and publishers for permission to reprint the productions contained in this volume. He also desires to acknowledge considerable indebtedness to Mr. R. Clark's most beautiful volume entitled *Golf: A Royal and Ancient Game.* The golfer everywhere, of any elevation of taste and spirit, must feel that he owes not a little to Mr. Clark, in that, by the conception and publication of such a beautiful volume, he has done for the game of golf, what probably has never been so artistically attempted, on behalf of any other popular game of any nationality.

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GOLFIANA MISCELLANEA.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE GAME OF GOLF.*

EING about to reprint a set of Rules formerly drawn up for regulating the concerns of their fraternity, the Council of the THISTLE GOLF CLUB have conceived that a short Historical Account of their favourite amusement would prove not altogether unacceptable to the lovers of a game at once so ancient and so national. With this view, they have collected whatever notices they could find which seemed calculated to throw any light on the origin and history of Golf, and, at the same time, to preserve from oblivion some of those names which, either from rank, or from distinguished proficiency

* Some Historical Notices relative to the Progress of the Game of Golf in Scotland.—Edinburgh, 1824, 8vo.

in the game itself, have entitled themselves to a place in its annals. The information which they have obtained is indeed neither very various nor important. If the origin of the most valuable institutions of civilised life, the laws and usages of the most enlightened nations, are lost in the mist of antiquity, eluding the researches of the philosopher and historian, it was not to be expected that any distinct record would be found, setting forth the invention and progress of a mere popular recreation.

The etymology of the word *golf* has been traced, with much appearance of probability, to the Teutonic term, from which the Germans have their noun *kolbe*, a club, and whence springs the Low Dutch *kolf*, a sound which very closely resembles that of golf, the exchange of the labial letter *b* for *lf* being very common in that language. If this derivation be correct, it follows that the game of Golf is strictly synonymous with the "game of Club."

By most authorities this amusement is regarded as being not only very ancient, but also as peculiar to the natives of North Britain. It will be seen, by the extracts about to be introduced from "Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," that the latter opinion is not quite incontrovertible; whilst, in regard to the precise period at which the game of Golf became common in Scotland, our best antiquaries supply no facts

upon which we can arrive at a satisfactory determination. That it is of considerable antiquity, however, there is no reasonable ground to doubt; and as the best proof of this, it may be mentioned that there are statutes of so early a date as the year 1457, prohibiting the exercise of Golf, lest it should interfere with the more important accomplishment of Archery. In those times the bow was the principal instrument of war among all the nations of Europe, and a weapon, too, in the use of which the English, from whom our Scottish ancestors had most to fear, had attained a noted superiority. In one of the Acts alluded to,* it is "decreeted and ordained that the weaponschawinges be halden be the Lordes and Barronnes Spirituel and Temporel foure times in the zeir, and that the fute-ball, and golfe be vtterly cryit downe, and not to be vsed."

This prohibition shows clearly that, in the time of James the Second, the game of Golf had already become a very general amusement in Scotland; and as, in the former reign, there is a similar Act of Parliament, anno 1424,† discouraging the exercise of foot-ball, without any mention being made of Golf, it seems probable that the latter pastime was intro-

* James II. Parl. 14, cap. 64.

† James I. Parl. 1, cap. 17.

duced into the northern parts of Britain about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

In both the subsequent reigns of James the Third and James the Fourth, there are similar Acts of Parliament against Foot-ball and Golf. Under the former of these monarchs, anno 1471,* it is enacted, that "the fute-ball and golfe be abused in time cumming, and that the buttes be maid up and schutting used, after the tenour of the Acte of Parliament maid thereupon." In the reign of James the Fourth, anno 1491,† it is statute and ordained, "That in na place of the realme there be vsit futte-ballis, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis, for the commoun gude of the realme, and defence thairof, and that bowis and schutting be hantii, and bow-markes maid therefore ordained in ilk parochin, under the pain of fourtie shillinges, to be raised be the schireffe and baillies foresaid."

The reader, by perusing the following extracts from the volume of Strutt will be enabled to determine whether any of the various games at ball, in which the English at that period indulged, are to be classed with the game of Golf.

I. The Ball has given origin to many popular pastimes,

* James III. Parl. 6, cap. 44. † James IV. Parl. 3, cap. 32.

and I have appropriated this chapter to such of them as are or have been usually practised in the fields and other open places. The most antient amusement of this kind is distinguished with us by the name of Hand-ball and is, if Homer may be accredited, coeval at least with the destruction of Troy. Herodotus attributes the invention of the ball to the Lydians;* succeeding writers have affirmed, that a female of distinction named Anagalla, a native of Corcyra, was the first who made a ball for the purpose of pastime, which she presented to Nausica, the daughter of Alcinous, King of Phœacia, and at the same time taught her how to use it.† This piece of history is partly derived from Homer, who introduces the Princess of Corcyra, with her maidens, amusing themselves at hand-ball.

"O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play,
Their shining veils unbound; along the skies,
Tost and retost, the ball incessant flies."‡

Homer has restricted this pastime to the young maidens of Corcyra, at least he has not mentioned its being practised by the men. In times posterior to

* Lib. i. † Ælian, lib. ii. Volaterranus, lib. xxix.
‡ Odyssey, lib. v. Pope's translation.

the poet, the game of hand-ball was indiscriminately played by both sexes.

II. It is altogether uncertain at what period the ball was brought into England. The author of a manuscript, written in the fourteenth century, and containing the Life of St. Cuthbert,* says of him, that when he was young, "he pleyde atte balle with the children that his fellowes were." On what authority this information is established, I cannot tell. The venerable Bede, who also wrote the life of that saint, makes no mention of ball-play but tells us he excelled in jumping, running, wrestling, and such exercises as required great muscular exertion;† and among them, indeed, it is highly probable that of the ball might be included.

III. Fitzstephen, who wrote in the thirteenth century, speaking of the London schoolboys, says, "Annually upon Shrove Tuesday, they go into the fields immediately after dinner, and play at the celebrated game of ball;‡ every party of boys carrying their own ball;" for it does not appear that those belonging to one school contended with those of another, but that the youth of each school

* Trinity College Library, Oxford, marked lvii.

† "Sive enim saltu, sive cursu, sive luctatu," &c. Vita Sancti Cudbereti, c. i.

‡ "Lusum pilæ celebrem," Stephanides de ludis.

diverted themselves apart. Some difficulty has been started by those who have translated this passage, respecting the nature of the game at ball here mentioned. Stowe, considering it as a kind of Goff or bandy-ball, has, without the least sanction from the Latin, added the word bastion,* meaning a bat or cudgel; others again have taken it for foot-ball,† which pastime, though probably known at the time, does not seem to be a very proper one for children: and indeed, as there is not any just authority to support an argument on either side, I see no reason why it should not be rendered hand-ball.‡

IV. The game of hand-ball is called by the French palm-play,§ because, says a modern author, originally "this exercise consisted in receiving the ball and driving it back again with the palm of the hand. In former times they played with the naked hand, then with a glove, which in some instances was lined; afterwards they bound cords and tendons round their hands, to make the ball rebound more forcibly, and hence the

* "The scholars of every school have their ball or bastion in their hands."—*Survey of London.*

† Lord Lyttelton, History of Henry the Second, vol. iii. p. 275, and the anonymous translator of Fitzstephen, published by Mr. White, A.D. 1772.

‡ By the word *celebrem*, the author might advert to the antiquity of the pastime.

§ *Jue de paume*, and in Latin *pila palmaria.*

racket derived its origin." * During the reign of Charles the Fifth, palm-play, which may properly enough be designated hand-tennis, was exceedingly fashionable in France, being played by the nobility for large sums of money: and when they had lost all that they had about them, they would sometimes pledge a part of their wearing apparel rather than give up the pursuit of the game. The Duke of Burgundy, according to an old historian,† having lost sixty franks at palm-play with the Duke of Bourbon, Messire William de Lyon, and Messire Guy de la Trimoullie, and not having money enough to pay them, gave his girdle as a pledge for the remainder, and shortly afterwards he left the same girdle with the Comte d'Eu for eighty franks, which he also lost at tennis.

V. At the time when tennis-play was taken up seriously by the nobility, new regulations were made in the game, and covered courts erected, wherein it might be practised without any interruption from the weather. In the sixteenth century tennis-courts were common in England, and the establishment of such places countenanced by the example of the monarchs. In the Vocabulary of Comenius, ‡ we see a rude representation of a tennis-court,

* Essais Historiques sur Paris, par Saint Foix, vol. i. p. 160:

† Laboureur. Sub an. 1368.

‡ Orbis sensuallium pictus, published by Hoole, A.D. 1658.

divided by a line stretched in the middle, and the players standing on either side with their rackets ready to receive and return the ball, which the rules of the game required to be stricken over the line. *

VI. We have undoubted authority to prove that Henry the Seventh was a tennis-player, † and his son Henry, who succeeded him, in the early part of his reign was much attached to this diversion; which propensity, as Hall assures us, being perceived by "certayne craftie persons aboute him, they brought in Frenchmen and Lombards to make wagers with hym, and so he lost muche money; but when he perceyved theyr crafte, he eschued the company and let them goe." ‡ He did not, however, give up the amusement, for we find him, according to the same historian, in the thirteenth year of his reign, playing at tennis with the Emperor Maximilian for his partner, against the Prince of Orange and the Marquis of Brandenborow; "the Earl of Devonshire stopped on the Prince's

* Hence the propriety of Heywoode's proverb, "thou hast stricken the ball under the line," meaning he had failed in his purpose.—John Heywoode's Works, London, 1566.

† In a MS. register of his expenditures, made in the thirteenth year of his reign, and preserved in the Remembrancer's Office, this item occurs: Item, for the King's loss at tennis, twelvepence, for the loss of balls, threepence." Hence one may infer the game was played abroad, for the loss of balls would hardly have happened in a tennis-court.

‡ In the Life of Henry VIII. the second year of his reign, fol. 11.

side," says my author, "and the Lord Edmond on the other side, and they departed even hands on both sides after eleven games fully played." * Among the additions that King Henry made to Whitehall, if Stowe be correct, were "divers fair tennis-courts, bowling-allies, and a cock-pit." †

James the First, if not himself a tennis-player, speaks of the pastime with commendation, and recommends it to his son as a species of exercise becoming a Prince. ‡ Charles the Second frequently diverted himself with playing at tennis, and had particular kind of dresses made for that purpose. §

VII. A French writer speaks of a damsel named Margot, who resided at Paris, and played at hand-tennis with the palm, and also with the back of her hand, better than any man; and what is most surprising, adds my author, at that time the game was played with the naked hand, or at best with a double glove. ‖

VIII. Hand-ball was formerly a favourite pastime among the young persons of both sexes, and in many parts

* Ibid., fol. 98.

† Survey of London, p. 496. ‡ Basilicon Doron, lib. iii.

§ So had Henry VIII. In the wardrobe rolls we meet with tenescotes for the King, also tennis-drawers and tennis-slippers.—MSS. Harl. 2248 and 6271.

‖ A.D. 1424. Saint Foix Essais Historiques sur Paris, vol. i. p. 160.

of the kingdom it was customary for them to play at this game during the Easter holidays for tansy cakes; but why, says Bourne, thoy should prefer hand-ball at this time to any other pastime, or play it particularly for a tansy cake, I have not been able to find out.* The learned Selden conceives the institution of this reward to have originated from the Jewish custom of eating bitter herbs at the time of the passover. †

Anciently, the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of Newcastle, accompanied with a great number of burgesses, used to go every year, at the feasts of Easter and Whitsuntide, to the Forth,‡ with the mace, the sword, and the cap of maintenance carried before them. The young people still continue to assemble there at those seasons particularly, and play at hand-ball, or dance, but are no longer countenanced by the presence of their governors.§

Fuller mentions the following proverbial saying used by the citizens of Chester, "When the daughter is stolen, shut Pepper Gate," which he thus explains: "The mayor of the city had his daughter, as she was playing at ball in

* Antiquities of the Common People, chapter xxiv.

† Table Talk, under the article Christmas.

‡ The little mall of the town.

§ Mr. Brand in his additions to Bourne.

Pepper-street, stolen away by a young man through the same gate, whereupon he caused it to be shut up." *

IX. Hand-tennis still continues to be played, though under a different name, and probably a different modification of the game; it is now called Fives, which denomination, perhaps, it might receive from having five competitors on each side, as the succeeding passage seems to indicate: When Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Elvetham, in Hampshire, by the Earl of Hertford, "after dinner, about three o'clock, ten of his lordship's servants, all Somersetshire men, in a square greene court before her Majesties windowe, did hang up lines, squaring out the forme of a tennis-court, and making a crosse in the middle; in this square they † played five to five, with hand-ball at bord and cord, as they tearme it, to the great liking of her highness." ‡

XIV. There are many games played with the ball that require the assistance of a club or bat, and probably the most ancient among them is the pastime now distinguished by the name of Goff. In the northern parts of the kingdom Goff is much practised. It requires much

* Fuller's Worthies, published 1662, p. 188.

† "Being stript out of their dublets."

‡ Progress of Queen Elizabeth, published by Mr. Nichols, vol. ii. p. 18. This circumstance occurred A.D. 1591.

room to perform this game with propriety, and therefore I presume it is scarcely seen at present in the vicinity of the metropolis. It answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans, which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers, called paganica,* and the goff-ball is composed of the same materials to this day.† In the reign of Edward the Third the Latin name, Cambuca,‡ was applied to this pastime, and it derived the denomination, no doubt, from the crooked club or bat with which it was played; the bat was also called a bandy, from its being bent, and hence the game itself is frequently written in English bandy-ball. At the bottom of the seventh plate the reader will find two figures engaged at bandy-ball, and the form of the bandy as it was used early in the fourteenth century.§

Goff, according to the present modification of the game, is performed with a bat not much unlike the bandy: the handle of this instrument is straight, and usually made of

* Because it was used by the country people.

† I have been told it is sometimes stuffed with cotton.

‡ Cambuta vel cambuca. Baculus incurvatus, a crooked club or staff; the word cambuca was also used for the virga episcoparum, or episcopal crosier, because it was curved at the top.—Du Cange, Glossary in voce Cambuta.

§ Taken from a MS. book of prayers, beautifully illuminated, in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq., and now, with the rest of his books, in the Bodleian Library, Oxford (see p. 1).

ash, about four feet and a half in length,; the curvature is affixed to the bottom, faced with horn, and backed with lead; the ball is a little one, but exceedingly hard, being made with leather, and, as before observed, stuffed with feathers. There are generally two players, who have each of them his bat and ball. The game consists in driving the ball into certain holes made in the ground, which he who achieves the soonest, or in the fewest number of strokes, obtains the victory. The Goff lengths, or the spaces between the first and last holes, are sometimes extended to the distance of two or three miles; the number of intervening holes appears to be optional, but the balls must be struck into the holes and not beyond them; when four persons play, two of them are sometimes partners, and have but one ball, which they strike alternately, but every man has his own bandy.

It should seem that Goff was a fashionable game among the nobility at the commencement of the seventeenth century, and it was one of the exercises with which Prince Henry, eldest son to James the First, occasionally amused himself, as we learn from the following anecdote recorded by a person who was present.* "At another time

* An anonymous author of a MS. in the Harleian Library, marked 6391.

playing at Goff, a play not unlike to Palemaille, whilst his schoolmaster stood talking with another, and marked not his highness warning him to stand further off, the prince, thinking he had gone aside, lifted up his goff-club to strike the ball; mean time one standing by said to him, beware that you hit not Master Newton, wherewith he, drawing back his hand, said, Had I done so, I had but paid my debts."

XV. A pastime called Stow-ball is frequently mentioned by the writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which, I presume, was a species of Goff, at least it appears to have been played with the same kind of ball.*

XVI. According to the author just now quoted, Pall-mall was a pastime not unlike Goff; but if the definition of the former, given by Cotgrave, be correct, it will be found to differ materially from the latter, at least as it was played in modern times. "Pale-maille," says he, "is a game wherein a round box-ball is struck with a mallet through a high arch of iron, which he that can do at the fewest blows, or at the number agreed upon, wins." It is to be observed that there are two of these arches, that is, "one at either end of the alley."† The game of

* In Littleton's Latin and English Dictionary, the Golf-ball and the Stow-ball are the same. See his explanation of the Latin word Paganica. † French and English Dictionary, under Pale-maille.

Mall was a fashionable amusement in the reign of Charles the Second, and the walk in St. James's Park, now called the Mall, received its name from having been appropriated to the purpose of playing at Mall, where Charles himself and his courtiers frequently exercised themselves in the practice of this pastime. The denomination Mall, given to the game, is evidently derived from the mallet, or wooden hammer, used by the players to strike the ball.

XVII. Comenius * mentions a game, which he attributes, indeed, to the children, and tells us it consisted in striking a ball with a bandy through a ring fastened into ground: a similar kind of pastime, I am informed, exists to this day in the north of England; it is played in a ground or alley appropriated to the purpose, and a ball is to be driven from one end of it to the other with a mallet, the handle of which is about three feet three or four inches in length, and so far it resembles Pall-mall; but there is the addition of a ring,† which is placed at an equal distance from the sides of the alley, but much nearer to the bottom than the top of the ground, and through this ring it is necessary for the ball to be passed in its progress; the ring is made to turn with great

* Orbis sensualium pictus, chap. cxxxvi.

† The ring is not mentioned by Cotgrave. I have, however, been told that it was sometimes used in the game of mall.

facility upon a swivel, and the two flat sides are distinguished from each other; if the ball passes through the one, it is said to be lawful, and the player goes on; but if through the other, it is declared to be unlawful, and he is obliged to beat the ball back, and drive it through again, until such time as he causes it to pass on the lawful side; this done, he proceeds to the bottom of the ground, where there is an arch of iron, through which it is also necessary for the ball to be passed, and then the game is completed. The contest is decided by the blows given to the ball in the performance, and he who executes his task with the smallest number is the victor.

XVIII. Club-ball is a pastime clearly distinguished from Cambuc, or Goff, in the edict above-mentioned, established by Edward the Third, and the difference seems to have consisted in the one being played with a curved bat, and the other with a straight one. Upon the eighth plate are two specimens of club-ball; the first exhibits a female figure in the action of throwing the ball to a man who elevates his bat to strike it;* behind the woman, at a little distance, appear, in the original delineation, several other figures of both sexes, waiting attentively to catch or stop the ball when returned by the batsman;

* From a MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, dated 1344, and marked Bodl. 264.

these figures have been damaged, and are very indistinct in many parts, for which reason I did not think it proper to insert them upon the plate. The second specimen of Club-ball, which, indeed, is taken from a drawing more ancient than the former,* presents to us two players only, and he who is possessed of the bat holds the ball also, which he either threw into the air, and struck with his bat as it descended, or cast forcibly upon the ground, and beat it away when it rebounded; the attention of his antagonists to catch the ball need not be remarked.†

XIX. From the Club-ball originated, I doubt not, that pleasant and manly exercise, distinguished, in modern times, by the name of Cricket; I say in modern times, because I cannot trace the appellation beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of the songs ‡ published by D'Urfey; the first four lines run thus:

Her was the prettiest fellow
At foot-ball or at cricket;
At hunting chace, or nimble race,
How featly her could prick it.

* From a genealogical roll of the Kings of England, to the time of Henry III., in the Royal Library, British Museum, marked 14, B. v.

† It does not appear in either of these instances how the game was determined.

‡ "Of a noble race was Shenkin." Pills to purge Melancholy, vol. ii. p. 172, the fourth edition, published 1719.

Cricket, of late years, is become exceedingly fashionable, being much countenanced by the nobility and gentlemen of fortune, who frequently join in the diversion.

When, by the invention of gunpowder, the use of the bow, as a military weapon, was superseded in Scotland, the sundry statutes which had been enacted against the use of Golf, were permitted to fall into desuetude; upon which this popular game was once more practised without any restraint, and soon became the favourite amusement of the nobility and gentry in all parts of the country; Even kings themselves did not decline this manly exercise, and it will not be displeasing to the golfers of the present day to be informed, in the words of the Scots Magazine for May, 1792, "That the two last crowned heads that ever visited this country, used to practise the Golf in the Links of Leith."

King Charles I. was extremely fond of this exercise; and it is said that, when he was engaged in a party at Golf, on the Links of Leith, a letter was delivered into his hands, which gave him the first account of the insurrection and rebellion in Ireland.* On reading which he suddenly called for his coach, and leaning on one of his attendants, and in great agitation, drove to the Palace of

* See Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, p. 504.

Holyrood-House, from whence next day he set out for London.*

James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., was not less attached to this elegant diversion, In the years 1681 and 1682, being then commissioner from the King to Parliament, while the Duke resided at Edinburgh with his Duchess, and his daughter, the Princess Anne (afterwards Queen Anne), a splendid court was kept at the Palace of Holyrood-House, to which the principal nobility and gentry resorted.† The Duke, though a bigot in his principles, was no cynic in his manners and pleasures. At that time he seemed to have studied to make himself popular among all ranks of men. Balls, plays, and masquerades, were introduced for the entertainment of both sexes; and tea, for the first time heard of in Scot-

* In the above article Charles is said to have set off from Holyrood-House for London, the day after he received intelligence of the Irish Rebellion. This appears to be a mistake, but in so far as the King's love for golf is concerned, it is of no importance.

The Irish Rebellion broke out under Sir Phelim O'Neale, on the 23d of October, and Charles received intelligence of it from Lord Chichester and others on the 28th. He immediately communicated this to the Scottish Parliament, and despatched a messenger to the English; but far from setting off next day himself, he stayed in Edinburgh till the Scottish Parliament was dissolved, which occurred on the 17th of November He was present that day himself, as appears by the minutes. He probably left Scotland soon after; for he tarried at York a day or two, which occasioned alarm, and yet reached London on 25th.

† See Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, p. 504.

land, was given as a treat by the Princesses to the Scottish ladies who visited at the Abbey, The Duke, however, did not confine himself to diversions within doors. On the contrary, he was frequently seen in a party at Golf, on the Links of Leith, with some of the nobility and gentry. "I remember," says Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee,* "in my youth, to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf-club maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the Duke's golf-clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell." Dickson was then performing the duty of what is now commonly called a fore-cadie.

From that time till the present the game of Golf has continued to be a fashionable amusement in Scotland, particularly at Musselburgh and St. Andrews.

In connection with the anecdotes related above, there is a traditionary narrative on the same subject, which tends to illustrate the history of Golf as a royal amusement, as well as to throw some light on a heraldic device and inscription which have of late attracted considerable notice.

In the Canongate of Edinburgh, on the wall of a very

* See Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, p. 504.

ancient-looking house * (No. 77) is a tablet, bearing the following coat-armorial:—Three pelicans vulned:—on a chief three mullets. Crest—a dexter hand grasping a golf-club—Motto, "Far and sure."

There are several stories connected with this achievement, which, though they all obviously relate to the same occurrence, embrace a considerable variety of circumstances, and require no small latitude in respect of chronology. According to one account, the important match at Golf, which it was no doubt meant to commemorate, is said to have taken place in the reign of James the Fifth; and it is added that the monarch himself bore a part in it. The following notice is perhaps better entitled to the confidence of the reader, inasmuch as the date of the match, in the time of James, Duke of York (who, from what has been said, appears to have been a noted golfer), corresponds with the apparent age of the house, much more closely than would any similar event supposed to have taken place in the reign of so remote an ancestor:

"Two English noblemen, who, during their attendance at the Scottish Court had, among other fashionable amusements of the period, occasionally practised Golf, were one day debating the question with his Highness the Duke of

* This house is situated on the north side of the Canongate, a little above Queensberry House.

York, whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland or England; and having some difficulty in coming to an issue on the subject, it was proposed to decide the question by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as golfers, together with a large sum of money, on the result of a match to be played with his Highness and any Scotchman he could bring forward. The Duke, whose great aim at that time was popularity, thinking this no bad opportunity both for asserting his claim to the character of a Scotchman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge; and, in the meantime, caused diligent inquiry to be made as to where the most efficient partner was to be found. The person recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man, named John Patersone, a shoemaker, who was not only reputed the best golf-player of his day, but whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial.

"On the matter being explained to him, Patersone was not quite satisfied as to how he should be able to acquit himself in such great company; but on the Duke encouraging him, he said he would do his best.

"The match was played, in which the Duke was, of course, completely victorious; and the shoemaker was dismissed with a reward corresponding to the importance

of his service; being an equal share of the stake played for.

"With this money he immediately built himself a comfortable house in the Canongate, upon the wall of which the Duke caused an escutcheon to be affixed, bearing the arms of the family of Patersone,* surmounted by the above crest and motto."

The inscription alluded to consists of four elegaic verses in Latin, written by the celebrated Dr. Pitcairne, and which is to be found in a collection of *jeux d'esprit*, entitled "Selecta Poemata Archibaldi Pitcairn, Med. Doctoris, Gulielmi Scot a Thirlstane, Equitis, Thomæ Kincadii, Civis Edinburgensis, et Aliorum. Edinburgi Excusa anno MDCCXXVI."

cum victor ludo scotis qui proprius esset
t[illegible]er tres victores post redimitus avos
[illegible]patersonus humo tunc educebat in altum
hanc quæ victores tot tulit una domum

I hate no perſon.

The motto, "I hate no person," being an anagram-

* "The n[illegible] young, or, i[illegible]ame of Paterson bears Argent, three pelicans feeding their "The Pa[illegible]n nests vert."—Mack. *Her.*
a chief azu[illegible]ersons, designed of Dalkeith of old, carried the same with Nisbet's *Sco[illegible]e*, charged with three mollets argent. (Pont's MS.")—*tish Heraldry*, Edin. MDCCXXII. p. 362.

matical transposition of the letters contained in the words, "John Patersone," leaves no room for doubt as to the name of the hero who figures in the several legends to which the fact in question has given rise.

It must have been remarked that the scene of all the exploits performed by the golfers of the "olden time," was the Links of Leith.*

* John, fifth Lord Balmerino, a descendant of the lord who had been the subject of a notable prosecution under the tyrannical government of Charles I., was residing (Dec. 24, 1729), in advanced age at his house in Coatfield Lane, in Leith. One of his younger sons, named Alexander (the immediate younger brother of Arthur, who made so gallant a death on Tower Hill in 1746), was leading a life of idleness and pleasure at the same place. As this young gentleman was now to be involved in a bloody affair which took place in Leith Links, it may be worth while to recall that, five years back, he was engaged on the same ground in an an affair of gaiety and sport, which yet had some ominous associations about it. It was what a newspaper of the day calls "a solemn match at golf." played by him for twenty guineas with Captain Porteous † of the Edinburgh Town-guard; an affair so remarkable on

† John Porteous was the son of a tailor in Edinburgh. His father intended to breed him up to his own trade, but the youthful profligacy of the son defeated the parent's prudent intention, and he enlisted into the Scotch corps at that time in the service of the States of Holland. There he learned military discipline, and on his return to his own country in 1715, he was engaged by the Magistrates of Edinburgh to discipline the City Guard. For such a task he was eminently qualified, not only by his military education, but by his natural activity and resolution; and, in spite of the profligacy of his character, he received a captain's commission in the corps.

The duty of the Edinburgh City Guard was to preserve the public peace when any tumult was apprehended. At executions they generally surrounded the scaffold, and it was on an occasion of this kind, in 1736, that Porteous, their captain, committed the outrage for which he paid the penalty of his life.

We need hardly remind our readers that a full account of the murder of Captain Porteous is given in the "Heart of Midlothian," and forms one of the most striking incidents in the novel.

In a spirited poem, entiled "The Goff," composed by Mr. Thomas Mathison, originally a writer in Edinburgh,

account of the stake, that it was attended by the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Morton, and a vast mob of the great and little besides—Alexander Elphinstone ending as the winner. No one could well have imagined, as that cheerful game was going on, that both the players were, not many years after, to have blood upon their hands, one of them to take on the murderer's mark upon this very field.

On the 23rd of December, 1729, the Honourable Alexander Elphinstone met Lieutenant Swift, of Cadogan's regiment, at the house of Mr. Michael Watson, merchant in Leith. Some hot words having risen between them, Elphinstone rose to depart, but before he went he touched Swift on the shoulder with his sword, and dropped a hint that he would expect to receive satisfaction next morning on the Links. Next day, accordingly, the two gentlemen met at eleven in the forenoon in that comparatively public place (as it now appears), and fought a single combat with swords, which ended in Swift receiving a mortal wound in the breast.

Elphinstone was indicted for this act before the High Court of Justiciary; but the case was never brought forward, and the young man died without molestation at Leith three years after. --*Chambers' Domestic Annals of Scotland.*

The common called Craigentinny, a piece of waste ground which once skirted the beach opposite Seafield Toll-bar, and is now entirely washed away by the sea, was likewise a great resort of golfers during the seventeenth century. The Logans of Restalrig had a piece of ground near their seat at Lochend, appropriated to their own amusement; to which the inhabitants of Canongate, and the courtiers of latter times, were in the habit of repairing, after the possessions of the above family were forfeited. There is a tradition preserved among the descendants of the Logans, who are considerable proprietors in Berwickshire, that Halbert Logan, one of the last of the race who resided in the neighbourhood of his ancient patrimonial territory, was one day playing here, when a messenger summoned him to attend the Privy Council. Despising this, and being also heated by his game, he used some despiteful language to the officer, who instantly went to court and reported the same; and a warrant being then issued by the incensed councillors, on a charge of high treason, he was obliged to throw down his club, mount a fleet horse, and fly to England.—*Chambers' Traditions of Edinburgh.*

and afterwards Minister of Brechin, there is the following allusion to the locality which we have just specified:

"North from Edina eight furlongs and more,
Lies that famed field, on Fortha's sounding shore.
Here, Caledonian chiefs for health resort,
Confirm their sinews by the manly sport.
Macdonald and unmatch'd Dalrymple ply
Their pond'rous weapons, and the green defy:
Rattray for skill, and Crosse for strength renown'd,
Stuart and Leslie beat the sandy ground;
And Brown and Alston, chiefs well known to fame,
And numbers more the Muse forbears to name.
Gigantic Biggar here full oft is seen,
Like huge Behemoth on an Indian green;
His bulk enormous scarce can 'scape the eyes;
Amazed spectators wonder how he plies.
Yea, here great Forbes,* patron of the just,
The dread of villans, and the good man's trust,
When spent in toils in serving human kind,
His body recreates, and unbends his mind.†

* Duncan Forbes, Esq., Lord President of the Court of Session in Scotland. It is reported of this great man, that he was so fond of Golf, as to play on the sands of Leith when the Links were covered with snow. He died December 10, 1747.

In the "Lives of Simon, Lord Lovat, and Duncan Forbes of Culloden," we find the following notice of his playing Golf with his son on the Links of Musselburgh:—"This day (Nov. 1, 1728), after a very hard pull, I got the better of my son at the gouf in Musselburgh links. If he was as good at any other thing as he is at that, there might be some hopes of him."—*MS. at Culloden House.*

† The names of the Players, left blank in first edition of Mathison's poem, are supplied from the Record Book of the Honourable Company of Golfers, all of whom were Members of the Club.

Since the preceding sheets were thrown off, copies of two very curious instruments, under the Privy Seal of Scotland, have been obtained from the Public Archives. These throw considerable light on the history of Golf, about the beginning of the 17th century, the period when it seems to have been in greatest repute in Scotland.

The first is an appointment by James VI., in favour of William Mayne, to the office of fledger, bower, club-maker, and spear-maker to his Majesty, and is dated at Holyrood-House, 4th April, 1603; the other is a similar appointment, in favour of James Melvill, and others, to the office of Golf-ball makers, and is dated at Salisbury, 5th August, 1618.

REGISTRUM SECRETI SIGILLI.

Lib. lxxiij. 234.

Ane Letter maid to Williame Mayne, bower burges of Edinburgh, makand and constituand the said Williame, during all the dayis of his lyif-tyme, Mr. fledger, bower, club-maker, and speir-maker to his Hienes, alsweill for gayme as weir, and gevand to him the offices thairof, with all feyis and casualties apperteining and belanging thairto, and quairof onie vtheris persounes quhatsumeuir that hes vseit and exercit the saidis offices of befoir hes beine in vse, with command thairin to his Hienes thesaurer, present and to cum, to reddelie ansuer and mak payment to the said Williame Mayne, of the zeirlie fie and dewtie vsit, and

wount to be payit for the dischargeing of the saidis offices, to onie persoun or persounes in onie tyme bigane, induring all the dayis of the said Williames lyfetime, etc. At Halirudhous, the fourt day of Aprile, Im. sex hundrethe thrie zeiris.

Per Signaturam.

REGISTRUM SECRETI SIGILLI.

Lib. lxxxvij. 169.

Ane Letter maid makand mentioun that our Souerane Lord vnderstanding that thair is no small quantitie of gold and siluer transported zeirlie out of his Hienes kingdome of Scotland for bying of *golf ballis*, vsit in that kingdome for recreatioun of his Majesties subjectis, and his Hienes being earnestlie dealt with by James Melvill, in favors of Williame Bervick and his associate, who onlie makis, or can mak golf ballis within the said kingdome for the present, and owere the inbringeris off the said trade thair: The said James Melvill vndertaking by them, and vther puir peopill (who now for laik of calling wantis mantenance), whome he sall adjoyne to the said Williame Bervick and his associate, to furnische the said kingdome with better golf ballis, and at ane moir easie rate than have beine sauld there these manie zeiris bypast: In consideration quhairof, his Majestie, bothe tendring the generall weill of his subjectis and increase of vertew within his kingdome, geving and granting vnto the said James Melvill, with Williame Bervick and his said associate, and sik vtheris as the said James Melvill sall adjoyne to them, onlie libertie to mak golf ballis within the said kingdome for the spaice of tuentie ane zeiris

allanerlie, dischairging all vtheris alsweill of making as selling any golf ballis maid within the kingdome bot those that ar maid by the said James, his servantis, and Williame Bervick and his associate: Provyding allwayis, that the (said) merchandis sall not be restranit from importing and selling the said golfe ballis so brocht home or maid by the said patentis: Provyding lykwayis, that the saidis patentaris exceid not the pryce of four schillingis money of this realme for everie ane of the saidis golfe ballis as for the pryce thairof: And to the effect the said James and his associates may have the benefite of his Majestie's grant, his Hienes by these presentis dothe expresslie prohibite and dischairge and forbid all and sindrie his Majesties subjectis, and vther persounes quhatsumever, that nane of them presume, nor tak vpon hand, to mak or sell anie golf ballis maid within the said kingdome, vtheris then the said James Melvill and his deputies, with the said Williame Bervick and his associate, for the spaice foirsaid, or to utter or sell the samyne to his Hienes subjectis vpone quhatsumever collour or pretence, vnder the pain of escheitting of all suche ballis so to be maid or sauld; the ane halff of the benefite aryssing thairby to come to our Souerane Lordis use, and the vther halff to the use of the said James Melvill and his assignayis only: And that the said letter be extendit in the best form, with all clauses neidfull, with power in the samyn to the said James, by himself, his deputies, and servantis, in his name, to seirche, seik, and apprehend all sik golf ballis as sal be maid or sauld within his Hienes said kingdome vtherways then according to the trew meaning of his Majesties grant, and to escheit the samyn in maner aboue specifeit. And for the better tryell heirof, his Majestie ordanes the said James Melvill to have ane

particular stamp of his awin, and to cause mark and stamp all suche ballis maid be him and his foirsaidis thairwith; and that all ballis maid within the kingdome found to be vtherways stamped sall be escheated in maner foirsaid. Gevin at our Court of Sallisbery the fyft day of August, the zeir of God IM.VIC. and auchteine zeiris.

Per Signaturam.

THE GOFF:

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM IN THREE CANTOS.*

Cætera, quæ vacuas tenuissent carmina mentes,
Omnia jam volgata.—VIRG.

THOMAS MATHISON, the Author of this Poem, was a native of Edinburgh, and born before the year 1720, was originally an agent or writer in his native town. At the time when he wrote THE GOFF, which was first published at Edinburgh in 1743, he apparently was personally acquainted with President Forbes, mentioned in the Poem as "great Forbes, patron of the just;" and it may have been at that gentleman's suggestion that he turned his attention to the Church. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Dalkeith, November 1st, 1748, and for a time officiated in a Presbyterian congregation in the North of England. In September, 1750, he was ordained assistant and successor to William Hepburn, minister of Inverkeilor;

* Edinburgh: J. Cochrane & Co., 1743, 8vo.
Second Edition.—Peter Hill, Edinburgh, 1793, 4to.

and was translated to the second charge of the parish of Brechin in July, 1794. He died June 19, 1760. *Publications;* "The Goff," 8vo, Edin. 1743; re-printed 4to, 1793. "A Sacred Ode, occasioned by the late successes attending the British Arms," Edin. 1760, 8vo.

THE GOFF.

GOFF, and the *Man*, I sing, who, em'lous, plies
The jointed club; whose balls invade the skies;
Who from *Edina's* tow'rs, his peaceful home,
In quest of fame o'er *Letha's* plains did roam.
Long toil'd the hero, on the verdant field,
Strain'd his stout arm the mighty club to wield;
Such toils it cost, such labours to obtain
The bays of conquest, and the bowl to gain.

O thou GOLFINIA, Goddess of these plains!
Great Patroness of GOFF! indulge my strains;
Whether beneath the *thorn-tree* shade you lie,
Or from *Mercerian* tow'rs the game survey,
Or, round the green the flying ball you chase,
Or make your bed in some hot sandy *face:*
Leave your much-lov'd abode, inspire his lays
Who sings of Goff, and sings thy fav'rite's praise.

North from *Edina* eight furlongs and more

Lies that fam'd field, on *Fortha's* sounding shore,
Here, *Caledonian* Chiefs for health resort,
Confirm their sinews by the manly sport.
Macdonald and unmatch'd *Dalrymple* ply
Their pond'rous weapons, and the green defy;
Rattray for skill, and *Crosse* for strength renown'd,
Stuart and *Leslie* beat the sandy ground,
And *Brown* and *Alston*, Chiefs well known to fame,
And numbers more the Muse forbears to name.
Gigantic *Biggar* here full oft is seen,
Like huge behemoth on an *Indian* green;
His bulk enormous scarce can 'scape the eyes,
Amazed spectators wonder how he plies.
Yea, here great *Forbes*, patron of the just,
The dread of villains and the good man's trust,
When spent with toils in serving human kind,
His body recreates, and unbends his mind.

Bright *Phœbus* now had measur'd half the day,
And warm'd the earth with genial noon-tide ray:
Forth rush'd *Castalio* and his daring foe,
Both arm'd with clubs, and eager for the blow.
Of finest ash *Castalio's* shaft was made,
Pond'rous with lead, and fenc'd with horn the head,
(The work of *Dickson*, who in *Letha* dwells,
And in the art of making clubs excels),

Which late beneath great *Claro's* arm did bend,
But now is wielded by his greater friend.

Not with more fury *Norris* cleav'd the main,
To pour his thund'ring arms on guilty *Spain;*
Nor with more haste brave *Haddock* bent his course,
To guard *Minorca* from *Iberian* force,—
Than thou, intrepid hero, urg'd thy way,
O'er roads and sands, impatient for the fray.

With equal warmth *Pygmalion* fast pursu'd,
(With courage oft are little wights endued),
'Till to GOLFINIA'S downs the heroes came,
The scene of combat, and the field of fame.

Upon a verdant bank, by FLORA grac'd,
Two sister Fairies found the Goddess plac'd;
Propp'd by her snowy hand her head reclin'd,
Her curling locks hung waving in the wind.
She eyes intent the consecrated green,
Crowded with waving clubs and vot'ries keen,
And hears the prayers of youths to her address'd,
And from the hollow face relieves the ball distress'd.
On either side the sprightly Dryads sat,
And entertain'd the Goddess with their chat.

First VERDURILLA, thus: O rural Queen!
What Chiefs are those that drive along the green?
With brandish'd clubs the mighty heroes threat,

Their eager looks foretell a keen debate.
To whom GOLFINIA: Nymph, your eyes behold
Pygmalion stout, *Castalio* brave and bold.
From silver *Ierna's* banks *Castalio* came,
But first on *Andrean* plains he courted fame.
His sire, a Druid, taught (one day of seven)
The paths of virtue, the sure road to heaven.
In *Pictish* capital the good man past
His virtuous life, and there he breath'd his last.
The son now dwells in fair *Edina's* town,
And on our sandy plains pursues renown.
See low *Pygmalion*, skilled in GOFFING art,
Small is his size, but dauntless is his heart:
Fast by a desk in *Edin's* domes he sits,
With *saids* and *sicklikes* length'ning out the writs.
For no mean prize the rival Chiefs contend,
But full rewards the victor's toils attend.
The vánquish'd hero for the victor fills
A mighty bowl containing thirty gills;
With noblest liquor is the bowl replete;
Here sweets and acids, strength and weakness meet.
From *Indian* isles the strength and sweetness flow,
And *Tagus'* banks their golden fruits bestow;
Cold *Caledonia's* lucid streams controul
The fiery spirits, and fulfil the bowl;

For *Albion's* peace and *Albion's* friends they pray,
And drown in *punch* the labours of the day.

The Goddess spoke, and thus GAMBOLIA pray'd:
Permit to join in brave *Pygmalion's* aid,
O'er each deep road the hero to sustain,
And guide his ball to the desired plain.

To this the Goddess of the manly sport:
Go, and be thou that daring Chief's support.
Let VERDURILLA be *Castalio's* stay:
I from this flow'ry seat will view the fray.
She said: the nymphs trip nimbly o'er the green,
And to the combatants approach unseen.

CANTO II.

YE rural powers that on these plains preside,
Ye nymphs that dance on Fortha's flow'ry side,
Assist the Muse that in your fields delights,
And guide her course in these uncommon flights.
But chief, thee, O GOLFINA! I implore;
High as thy balls instruct my Muse to soar:
So may thy green for ever crowded be,
And balls on balls invade the azure sky.

Now at that hole the Chiefs begin the game,

Which from the neighb'ring *thorn-tree* takes its name;
Ardent they grasp the ball-compelling clubs,
And stretch their arms t' attack the little globes.
Not as our warriors brandish'd dreadful arms,
When fierce *Bellona* sounded war's alarms,
When conqu'ring *Cromwell* stain'd fair *Eska's* flood,
And soak'd her banks with *Caledonian* blood;
Or when our bold ancestors madly fought,
And Clans engag'd for trifles or for nought.
That *Fury* now from our bless'd fields is driv'n,
To scourge unhappy nations doom'd by heav'n.
Let *Kouli Kan* destroy the fertile East,
Victorious *Vernon* thunder in the West;
Let horrid war pervade perfidious *Spain*,
And GEORGE assert his empire o'er the main:
But on our plains *Brittania's* sons engage,
And void of ire the sportive war they wage.
Lo, tatter'd *Irus*, who their armour bears,
Upon the green two little pyr'mids rears;
On these they place two balls with careful eye,
That with *Clarinda's* breasts for colour vye,
The work of *Bobson*, who, with matchless art,
Shapes the firm hide, connecting ev'ry part,
Then in a socket sets the well-stitch'd void,
And thro' the eyelet drives the downy tide;

Crowds urging crowds the forceful brogue impels,
The feathers harden and the leather swells;
He crams and sweats, yet crams and urges more,
Till scarce the turgid globe contains its store:
The dreaded falcon's pride here blended lies
With pigeons' glossy down of various dyes;
The lark's small pinions join the common stock,
And yellow glory of the martial cock.

Soon as *Hyperion* gilds old *Andrea's* spires,
From bed the artist to his cell retires;
With bended back, there plies his steely awls,
And shapes, and stuffs, and finishes the balls.
But when the glorious God of day has driv'n
His flaming chariot down the steep of heav'n,
He ends his labour, and with rural strains
Enchants the lovely maids and weary swains:
As thro' the streets the blythsome piper plays,
In antick dance they answer to his lays;
At every pause the ravish'd crowd acclaim,
And rend the skies with tuneful *Bobson's* name.
Not more rewarded was old *Amphion's* song;
That rear'd a town, and this drags one along.
Such is fam'd *Bobson*, who in *Andrea* thrives,
And such the balls each vig'rous hero drives,

First, bold *Castalio*, ere he struck the blow,

Lean'd on his club, and thus address'd his foe:
Dares weak *Pygmalion* this stout arm defy,
Which brave *Matthias* doth with terror try!
Strong as he is, *Moravio* owns my might,
Distrust his vigour, and declines the fight.
Renown'd *Clephanio* I constrain'd to yield,
And drove the haughty vet'ran from the field.
Weak is thine arm, rash youth, thy courage vain;
Vanquish'd with shame you'll curse the fatal plain.
The half-struck balls your weak endeavours mock,
Slowly proceed, and soon forget the stroke.
Not so the orb eludes my thund'ring force;
Thro' fields of air it holds its rapid course;
Swift as the balls from martial engines driv'n,
Streams like a comet thro' the arch of heav'n.
Vaunter, go on (*Pygmalion* thus replies);
Thine empty boasts with justice I despise.
Hadst thou the strength Goliah's spear to wield,
Like its great master thunder on the field,
And with that strength *Culloden's* matchless art,
Not one unmanly thought should daunt my heart.
He said, and sign'd to *Irus*, who, before,
With frequent warnings filled the sounding shore.
Then great *Castalio* his whole force collects,
And on the orb a noble blow directs.

Swift as a thought the ball obedient flies,
Sings high in air, and seems to cleave the skies;
Then on the level plain its fury spends;
And *Iris* to the Chief the welcome tidings sends.
Next in his turn *Pygmalion* strikes the globe:
On th' upper half descends the erring club;
Along the green the ball confounded scours;
No lofty height the ill-sped stroke impow'rs.

Thus, when the trembling hare descries the hounds,
She from her whinny mansion swiftly bounds;
O'er hills and fields she scours, outstrips the wind;
The hounds and huntsmen follow far behind.

GAMBOLIA now afforded timely aid,
She o'er the sand the fainting ball convey'd,
Renew'd its force, and urged it on its way,
Till on the summit of the hill it lay.

Now all on fire the Chiefs their orbs pursue,
With the next stroke the orbs their flight renew;
Thrice round the ground they urge the whizzing ball,
And thrice three holes to great *Castalio* fall;
The other six *Pygmalion* bore away,
And sav'd a while the honours of the day.

Had some brave champion of the sandy field
The Chiefs attended, and the game beheld,

With ev'ry stroke his wonder had increas'd,
And em'lous fires had kindled in his breast.

CANTO III.

HARMONIOUS Nine, that from *Parnassus* view
The subject world, and all that's done below;
Who from oblivion snatch the patriot's name,
And to the stars extol the hero's fame,
Bring each your lyre, and to my song repair,
Nor think GOLFINIA'S train below the Muses's care.

Declining *Sol* with milder beams invades
The *Scotian* fields, and lengthens out the shades;
Hastes to survey the conquer'd golden plains,
Where captive *Indians* mourn in *Spanish* chains;
To gilt the waves where hapless *Hosier* dy'd,
Where *Vernon* late proud *Bourbon's* force defy'd,
Triumphant rode along the wat'ry plain,
Britannia's glory and the scourge of *Spain.*

Still from her seat the *Power* of GOFF beheld
Th' unweary'd heroes toiling on the field:
The light-foot Fairies in their labours share,
Each nymph her hero seconds in the war;
Pygmalion and GAMBOLIA there appear,

And VERDURILLA with *Castalio* here.
The Goddess saw, and op'd the book of Fate,
To search the issue of the grand debate.
Bright silver plates the sacred leaves infold,
Bound with twelve shining clasps of solid gold.
The wond'rous book contains the fate of all
That lift the club, and strike the missive ball;
Mysterious rhymes, that thro' the pages flow,
The past, the present, and the future show,
GOLFINIA reads the fate-foretelling lines,
And soon the sequel of the war divines;
Sees conquest doom'd *Castalio's* toils to crown,
Pygmalion doom'd superior might to own.
Then at her side VICTORIA straight appears,
Her sister Goddess, arbitress of wars.
Upon her head a wreath of bays she wore,
And in her hand a laurel sceptre bore;
Anxious to know the will of Fate, she stands,
And waits obsequious on the Queen's commands.

To whom GOLFINIA: Fate-fulfilling maid,
Hear the Fates' will, and be their will obey'd:
Straight to the field of fight thyself convey,
Where brave *Castalio* and *Pygmalion* stray;
There bid the long-protracted combat cease,
And with thy bays *Castalio's* temples grace.

She said; and swift, as *Hermes* from above
Shoots to perform the high behests of JOVE,
VICTORIA from her sister's presence flies,
Pleas'd to bestow the long-disputed prize.
Meanwhile the Chiefs for the last hole contend,
The last great hole, which should their labours end;
For this the Chiefs exert their skill and might,
To drive the balls, and to direct their flight.
Thus two fleet coursers for the Royal plate
(The others distanc'd), run the final heat;
With all his might each gen'rous racer flies,
And all his art each panting rider tries,
While show'rs of gold and praises warm his breast,
And gen'rous emulation fires the beast.
His trusty club *Pygmalion* dauntless plies:
The ball ambitious climbs the lofty skies;
But soon, ah! soon, descends upon the field,
The adverse winds the lab'ring orb repell'd.
Thus when a fowl, whom wand'ring sportsmen scare,
Leaves the sown land, and mounts the fields of air,
Short is his flight; the fiery *Furies* wound,
And bring him tumbling headlong to the ground.
Not so *Castalio* lifts th' unerring club,
But with superior art attacks the globe;
The well-struck ball the stormy wind beguil'd,

And like a swallow skimm'd along the field.
An harmless sheep, by Fate decreed to fall,
Feels the full fury of the rapid ball;
Full on her front the raging bullet flew,
And sudden anguish seiz'd the silent ewe;
Stagg'ring, she falls upon the verdant plain,
Convulsive pangs distract her wounded brain.
Great PAN beheld her stretch'd upon the grass,
Nor unreveng'd permits the crime to pass:
Th' *Arcadian* God, with grief and fury stung,
Snatch'd his stout crook, and fierce to vengeance sprung;
His faithful dogs their master's steps pursue;
The fleecy flocks before their father bow,—
With bleatings hoarse salute him as he strode,
And frisking lambkins dance around the God.
The sire of sheep then lifted from the ground
The panting dam, and piss'd upon the wound:
The stream divine soon eas'd the mother's pain;
The wise immortals never piss in vain:
Then to the ball his horny foot applies;
Before his foot the kick'd offender flies;
The hapless orb a gaping face detain'd,
Deep sunk in sand the hapless orb remain'd.
As VERDURILLA mark'd the ball's arrest,
She with resentment fired *Castalio's* breast;

The nymph assum'd *Patrico's* shape and mien,
Like great *Patrico* stalk'd along the green;
So well his manner and his accent feign'd,
Castalio deem'd *Patrico's* self complain'd.
Ah, sad disgrace! see rustic herds invade
GOLFINIAN plains, the angry Fairy said.
Your ball abus'd, your hopes and projects crost,
The game endanger'd, and the hole nigh lost:
Thus brutal PAN resents his wounded ewe,
Tho' Chance, not you, did guide the fatal blow.
Incens'd *Castalio* makes her no replies,
T' attack the God, the furious mortal flies;
His iron-headed club around he swings,
And fierce at PAN the pond'rous weapon flings.
Affrighted PAN the dreadful missive shunn'd;
But blameless *Tray* receiv'd a deadly wound:
Ill-fated *Tray* no more the flocks shall tend,
In anguish doom'd his shorten'd life to end.
Nor could great PAN afford a timely aid;
Great PAN himself before the hero fled:
Even he, a God, a mortal's fury dreads,
And far and fast from bold *Castalio* speeds.
To free the ball the Chief now turns his mind,
Flies to the bank where lay the orb confin'd;
The pond'rous club upon the ball descends,

Involv'd in dust th' exulting orb ascends;
Their loud applause the pleas'd spectators raise;
The hollow bank resounds *Castalio's* praise.
A mighty blow *Pygmalion* then lets fall;
Straight from the impulsive engine starts the ball,
Answ'ring its master's just design, it hastes,
And from the hole scarce twice two clubs' length rests.
Ah! what avails thy skill, since Fate decrees
Thy conqu'ring foe to bear away the prize?
Full fifteen clubs' length from the hole he lay,
A wide cart-road before him cross'd his way;
The deep-cut tracks th' intrepid Chief defies;
High o'er the road the ball triumphing flies,
Lights on the green, and scours into the hole:
Down with it sinks depress'd *Pygmalion's* soul.
Seiz'd with surprise, th' affrighted hero stands,
And feebly tips the ball with trembling hands;
The creeping ball its want of force complains,
A grassy tuft the loit'ring orb detains.
Surrounding crowds the victor's praise proclaim,
The echoing shore resounds *Castalio's* name.
For him *Pygmalion* must the bowl prepare,
To him must yield the honours of the war,
On Fame's triumphant wings his name shall soar
Till time shall end, or GOFFING be no more.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH GAME OF GOLF.*

THE game of GOLF (or Scotice, *Goff*) is a pastime, although not entirely unknown in England, more peculiar to Scotland, and has long been a favourite with the citizens of Edinburgh. In the Teutonic, or German, *kolbe* signifies a club; and, in Holland, the same word, pronounced *kolf*, describes a game—of which the Dutch are very fond—in some respects akin to the Scottish pastime of *golf*.

At what period this amusement came to be practised in Scotland is not precisely known; but, from the circumstance of *foot-ball* being prohibited by a statute in 1424, in which no mention is made of *golf*, while it is specially noticed in a later enactment, 1457, the presumption is that the game was unknown at the former period, and consequently that its introduction must have been about the middle of the fifteenth century.

The prohibitory laws against foot-ball and golf were enacted that these pastimes might not interfere with the

* From *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits*, 1842, and written by James Paterson, author of the *History of Ayrshire*, etc.

practice of archery, the bow being then an instrument of war, in the use of which the Scots sometimes fatally experienced the superiority of their English neighbours. But a change having been effected by the invention of gunpowder, archery was no longer of national importance as a military exercise—the laws for its encouragement fell into desuetude—and the people were permitted again to indulge, without restraint, in the popular recreation.

Golf was a favourite amusement of the citizens of Perth during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; so much so, that the younger portion of the community could not withstand its fascination even on the Sabbath-day. In the kirk-session records is an entry, 2nd January, 1604, in which the "visitors report, that good conduct was keeped the last Sabbath, except that they found some young boys playing at the gowf in the North Inch in the time of preaching, afternoon, who were warned then by the officiars to compear before the session this day." They accordingly appeared, and the ringleader, Robert Robertson, was sentenced "to pay ane merk to the poor," and ordained, with his companions, "to compear the next Sabbath, into the place of public repentance, in presence of the whole congregation."

Early in the reign of James VI., the business of club-making had become one of some importance. By "ane

letter" of his Majesty, dated Holyrood House, 4th April, 1603, "William Mayne, bower, burgess of Edinburgh," is made and constituted, "during all the days of his lyf-time, master fledger, bower, *club-maker*, and speir-maker, to his Hieness, alsweill for game as weir;" and, in 1618 the game of golf appears to have been so generally in practice, that the manufacturing of balls was deemed worthy of special protection. In "ane" other letter of James VI,, dated Salisbury, 5th August, of the above year, it is stated that there being "no small quantity of *gold* and *silver* transported zeirly out of his Hieness' kingdom of Scotland for bying of *golf-balls*," James Melvill and others are granted the sole right of supplying that article within the kingdom, prohibiting all others from making or selling them "for the space of twenty-one zeirs." The price of a ball was fixed at "four schillings money of this realm;" and "for the better tryell heiroff, his Majestie ordanes the said James Melvill to have ane particular stamp of his awin, and to cause mark and stamp all suche ballis maid be him and his forsaidis thairwith; and that all ballis maid within the kingdome found to be otherwais stamped sall be escheated."

From this period the game of golf took firm hold as one of the national pastimes—practised by all ranks of the people, and occasionally countenanced by royalty itself.

Even kings themselves, says a writer in the *Scots Magazine* for 1792, did not decline the princely sport; and it will not be displeasing to the Society of Edinburgh Golfers to be informed, that the two last crowned heads that ever visited this country, used to practise the golf in the Links of Leith, now occupied by the Society for the same purpose.

King Charles I. was extremely fond of this exercise; and it is said that, when he was engaged in a party at golf on the Links of Leith, a letter was delivered into his hands, which gave him the first account of the insurrection and rebellion in Ireland; on reading which, he suddenly called for his coach, and leaning on one of his attendants, and in great agitation, drove to the Palace of Holyrood House, from whence next day he set out for London.

In the "Rules of the Thistle Golf Club, with Historical Notices relative to the Progress of the Game of Golf in Scotland"—a thin octavo—by Mr. John Cundell, privately printed at Edinburgh in 1824, the author observes in a note that there is an evident mistake in saying that Charles set off the next day after he had received news of the Rebellion, as, in point of fact, he stayed in Scotland till the dissolution of the Scottish Parliament. This mis-

take does not, however, affect the truth of Charles's partiality for golf.

The Duke of York, afterwards James II., was not less attached to this elegant diversion. In the year 1681 and 1682, being then Commissioner from the King to Parliament, while the Duke resided at Edinburgh with his Duchess, and his daughter the Princess Anne, afterwards Queen, a splendid court was kept at the Palace of Holyrood House, to which the principal nobility and gentry resorted. The Duke, though a bigot in his principles, was no cynic in his manners and pleasures. At that time he seemed to have studied to make himself popular among all ranks of men. Balls, plays, masquerades, etc., were introduced for the entertainment of both sexes; and tea, for the first time heard of in Scotland, was given as a treat by the Princesses to the Scottish ladies who visit at the Abbey. The Duke, however, did not confine himself merely to diversions within doors. He was frequently seen in a party at golf on the Links of Leith with some of the nobility and gentry. "I remember," says Mr. Tytler of Woodhouselee, "in my youth to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf club-maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the Duke's golf-clubs, and to run before him and announce

where the balls fell." Dickson was then performing the duty of what is now commonly called a *fore-cadie.*

Connected with a house of some antiquity in the Canongate of Edinburgh—said to have been built by one John Patersone, an excellent golf-player—the following tradition is preserved:—During the residence of the Duke of York in Edinburgh, that Prince frequently resorted to Leith Links in order to enjoy the sport of golfing, of which he was very fond. Two English noblemen, who followed his Court, and who boasted of their expertness in golfing, were one day debating the question with his Royal Highness whether that amusement were peculiar to Scotland or England; and having some difficulty in coming to an issue on the subject, it was proposed to decide the question by an appeal to the game itself; the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as golfers, together with a large sum of money, on the result of a match, to be played with his Royal Highness and any Scotsman he could bring forward. The Duke, whose great aim at that time was popularity, thinking this no bad opportunity for both asserting his claims to the character of a Scotsman, and for flattering a national prejudice, immediately accepted the challenge; and, in the meantime, caused diligent inquiry to be made as to where the most efficient partner could be found,

The person recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man, named John Patersone, a shoemaker, who was not only the best golf-player of his day, but whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial. On the matter being explained to him, Patersone expressed great unwillingness to enter iuto a match of such consequence; but, on the Duke encouraging him, he promised to do his best. The match was played, in which the Duke and his humble partner were of course victorious, and the latter was dismissed with a reward corresponding to the importance of his service—being an equal share of the stake played for. With this money he immediately built a comfortable house in the Canongate, in the wall of which the Duke caused a stone to be placed, bearing the arms of the family of Patersone, surmounted by a crest and motto, appropriate to the distinction which its owner had acquired as a golfer.

Patersone's house is No. 77, on the north side of the Canongate. The armorial bearing is placed near the top of the building, and consists of three pelicans vulned, on a chief three mullets—crest, a dexter hand grasping a golf club—motto, "Far and sure." On the front wall of the second flat is a tablet, on which the following epigram, by Dr. Pitcairne, commemorative of the event, is engraved:—

"Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui proprius, esset,
Ter tres victores post redimitos avos,
Patersonus, humo tunc educebat in altum
Hanc, quæ victores tot tulit una, domum."

Underneath this distich is placed the singular motto of —"I hate no person," which is found to be an anagrammatical transposition of the letters contained in the words "Iohn Patersone." The Patersons of Dalkeith, of old, carried three pelicans feeding their young, or in nests, vert, with a chief azure, charged with mullets urgent. A commentator on the Latin poems of Dr. Pitcairne (said to be Lord Hailes), in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, remarks, that the above epigram seems the least spirited one "in the whole collection." It had the fortune to be recorded in gold letters on the house itself, near the foot of the Canongate, almost opposite Queensberry House."

The following entries, from the note-book of Sir John Foulis, Bart. of Ravelston, prove the game to have been a fashionable one prior to the Duke of York's visit to Scotland:—

1672.

Jan. 13.	Lost at golfe with Pittarro and Comissar Munro, - - -	£0	13	0
	Lost at golfe with Lyon and Harry Hay, - - - - -	1	4	0
Feb. 14.	Spent at Leithe at golfe, - -	2	0	0

Feb. 26.	Spent at Leithe at golfe, - -	1	9	0
March 2.	For three golfe balls, - - -	0	15	0
	Lost at golfe, at Musselburgh, with Gosford, Lyon, etc., - - -	3	5	0
April 13.	To the boy who carried my clubs, when my Lord Register and Newbyth was at the Links, - -	0	4	0
Nov. 19.	Lost at golfe with the Chancellour, Lyon, Master of Saltoun, etc., -	5	10	0
	For golfe balls, - - - - -	0	12	0
Nov. 30.	Lost at golfe with the Chancellour, Duke Hamilton, etc., - - -	4	15	0
Dec. 7.	For a golfe club to Archie (his son),	0	6	0

From these extracts it is evident the game was in high repute with the first men in the kingdom. It is hardly, perhaps, necessary to mention that the payments are in *Scots*, not *sterling* money.

At this time Burntsfield Links—now a much frequented field—does not seem to have been used for golfing. It formed part of the Burrowmuir, and perhaps had not been cleared. The usual places of recreation were Leith and Musselburgh Links—the former more especially of the Edinburgh golfers. In a poem, entitled "The Goff," by Thomas Mathison, at one period a writer in Edinburgh, but subsequently minister of Brechin, first published in 1743, and again by Mr. Peter Hill, in 1793, the locality is thus alluded to:—

"North from Edina, eight furlongs and more,
Lies that famed field on Fortha's sounding shore;
Here Caledonian chiefs for health resort—
Confirm their sinews by the manly sport."

The author then goes on, in a lively strain, to describe some of the chiefs—the "cocks o' the green"—at that period:—

"Macdonald and unmatched Dalrymple ply
Their ponderous weapons, and the green defy;
Rattray for skill, and Corse for strength renowned,
Stewart and Lesly beat the sandy ground;
And Brown and Alston, chiefs well known in fame,
And numbers more the Muse forbears to name.
Gigantic Biggar here full oft is seen,
Like huge Behemoth on an Indian green;
His bulk enormous scarce can 'scape the eyes;
Amazed spectators wonder how he plies.
Yea, here greet Forbes, patron of the just—
The dread of villains, and the good man's trust;
When spent with toils in serving human kind,
His body recreates and unbends his mind."

The oldest golfing associations, or clubs, are the Edinburgh Burgess, and Burntsfield Links Golfing Societies, instituted in 1735. The Edinburgh Company of Golfers, under the patronage of the city, originated in 1744. An act was passed by the Town Council, on the 7th of March, "appointing their treasurer to cause make a silver club, of

£15 value, to be played for on the Links of Leith, the first Monday of April annually. The act appoints, that the candidates' names be booked some day of the week preceding the match, paying 5s. each at booking: that they be matched into parties of twos or threes, if their number be great, by lot: that the player who shall have the greatest number of holes be victor; and if two or more shall have won an equal number, that they play a round by themselves, in order to determine the match: that the victor be styled *Captain of the Goff:* that he append a piece of gold or silver to the club: that he have the sole disposal of the booking money—the determination of disputes among goffers, with the assistance of two or three of the players—and the superintendency of the Links. Accordingly, the first match was played, on 2nd April, by ten gentlemen, and won by Mr. John Rattray, surgeon in Edinburgh."

Except in the years 1746 and 1747, the club was regularly played for; and as a further encouragement, the Society themselves gave two annual prizes—the one, a silver cup, value ten guineas, on which was engraved the winner's name and coat of arms, with a suitable inscription. The other prize was a gold medal, given to the best player at golf, and worn on the breast of the conqueror for

a year, and as many years after as he might be able to maintain his superiority.

In 1768, about twenty-two members of the Society having subscribed £30 each, they built what is called the Goff-House, at the south-west corner of Leith Links, wherein the Company might hold their meetings, social as well as connected with business. The Company not being a corporate body, the property, feued from the City of Edinburgh, was vested in Mr. St. Clair of Roslin, Mr. Keith of Ravelston, and Mr. W. Hogg, junior, banker, for behoof of the whole subscribers.

In 1800, the Honourable Company of Golfers was incorporated by a charter from the Magistrates; and, for more than twenty years afterwards, the meetings of the Club—which could boast of the most illustrious Scotsmen of the day amongst its members—continued to be regularly held at Leith. The Edinburgh Burgess Society obtained a charter at the same time. Latterly, some alterations having been made on the Links, and the playground ceasing to be attractive, the stated meetings of the Club were given up about the year 1831; and it was ultimately deemed advisable, or rather became necessary, from the state of the funds, to dispose of the Goff-House and furniture. This was accordingly done; and it is much to be regretted that various pictures of old members

and other articles connected, it may be said, with the history of the Club, were not reserved. These sold for trifling sums, and, in many instances, to parties unconnected with the Society, from whom they cannot now be repurchased. About the year 1835, however, through the activity of some of the old members, the stated meetings were revived on Musselburgh Links; and a great accession of young members having taken place, the Edinburgh Golfing Company is once more in a flourishing condition.

Besides the Societies already noticed, several others have temporarily existed. The Thistle Golf Club, instituted in 1815, continued till within these few years, when, like the Edinburgh Company of Golfers, they broke up on account of the impaired state of the play-ground, the Links of Leith. The uniform of this Club consisted of a scarlet single-breasted coat, with green collar, and plain gilt buttons; a badge on the left breast, with the device of the thistle embroidered with gold upon green cloth; the trousers white. The insignia of the Burgess Club is an embroidered star—worn on the left breast—containing two clubs and two balls, with the motto—"Far and sure." The affairs of these Societies are usually managed by a President, or Captain, as he is termed, Secretary, Treasurer, Recorder of Bets, Medal-holder, and Council.

The Links, or Commons, being free to all, there are

innumerable players unconnected with any of the Golfing Societies; and many who resort to Burntsfield Links occasionally, for amusement and exercise, are accommodated with the loan of clubs by the maker, for a trifling remuneration.

In the making of golf clubs and balls no monopoly now exists. At Musselburgh they are still manufactured; and they were at Leith until a few years ago. Until Mr. D. Gourlay commenced business at the Links in 1792, the balls were brought from St. Andrew's, and retailed by the tavern-keepers at 6d. painted, and 5d. unpainted—so little had they advanced in price from the days of our Sixth James, when a ball cost 4s. Scots, *i.e.*, 4d. sterling. The price of a club at present is 3s. 6d.; and of a ball, 2s. At St. Andrews about twelve hands are constantly employed in making balls; and besides the quantity required for their own locality—averaging from three to four thousand—upwards of eight thousand are annually disposed of in other markets. There are two Golfing Clubs belonging to St. Andrew's. One of them, instituted in 1754, is composed of the nobility, gentry, and professors; the other, of a more plebeian order of citizens. The former are distinguished by wearing red coats; the other, green.

The bat or club may be described. The handle, which is straight, is generally about four feet and a half in

length, and usually made of ash, or hickory, which is allowed to be better. The curvature, made of thorn, is affixed to the bottom, faced with horn, and backed with lead:—

"Forth rush'd *Castalio*, and his daring foe;
Both arm'd with clubs, and eager for the blow.
Of finest ASH *Castalio's* shaft was made;
Pond'rous with LEAD, and fac'd with HORN the head;
The work of *Dickson*, who in *Letha* dwells,
And in the art of making clubs excels."

The ball is a little one, but exceedingly hard, being made of leather (previous to india-rubber), and stuffed with feathers. There are generally two players, who have each of them his club and ball. It is almost indispensable for a player to have at least two clubs, a long one for driving, and a short one for putting near the hole; and on Links, such as St. Andrew's, where there are many sand-holes, or bunkers, as they are termed, a club with an iron head (differing in form from the heads of the wooden clubs) is required. Of these iron clubs there are various kinds, adapted to the different situations of the green. The game consists in driving the ball into certain holes made in the ground, which he who achieves in the fewest strokes, obtains the victory. The golf lengths, or the spaces between the first and last holes, are sometimes

extended—where the ground will permit, such as at St. Andrew's,—to the distance of two or three miles; the number of intervening holes appears to be optional, but the balls must be struck into the holes, and not beyond them: when four persons play, two of them are sometimes partners, and have but one ball, which they strike alternately.

The holes are not limited to any particular number. On the Links of Leith, which had five, the lengths were:—

FORMERLY.

	Feet.	Yards.
First hole, ...	1242	414
Second hole, ...	1383	461
Third hole, ...	1278	426
Fourth hole, ...	1485	495
Fifth hole, ...	1305	435
	6693	2231

LATTERLY.

	Feet.	Yards.
First hole, ...	975	325
Second hole, ...	1221	407
Third hole, ...	1278	426
Fourth hole, ...	1485	495
Fifth hole, ...	1305	435
	6264	2088

It is no unusual thing for a player to have along with

him eight or ten clubs, of different forms, adapted for striking the ball in whatever position it may be placed. By the rules of the game, with certain exceptions, the ball must be struck where it lies. These are usually carried by a boy, denominated a *cadie,* and the players are generally preceded by a runner, or *fore-cadie,* to observe the ball, so that no time may be lost in discovering it. The *cadies,* though generally boys, are in some instances men, who continue the occupation in addition to some other calling. They are, for the most part, very skilful players, having a thorough knowledge of the game, which makes their services the more valuable, from the judicious advice they are capable of affording the player whose clubs they carry. Bets of a novel nature, which set the ordinary routine of the game entirely aside, are occasionally undertaken by the more athletic. An amusing and difficult feat, sometimes attempted from Burntsfield Links, is that of driving the ball to the top of Arthur's Seat! In this fatiguing undertaking, being a species of steeple chase over hedges and ditches, the parties are usually followed by bottle-holders and other attendants, denoting the excessive exertion required.

This does not appear to have been attempted prior to the period when Hugo Arnot wrote his *History of Edinburgh.* In a critical note on the Letters of Topham, who

wrote in 1775, Arnot remarks that the author "has been pleased to make the top of Arthur's Seat, and those of the other hills in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, fields for the game of golf. This observation is still more unfortunate than the general train of his remarks. Were a person to play a ball from the top of Arthur's Seat, he would probably have to walk upwards of half-a-mile before he could touch it again; and we will venture to say, that the *whole art of man could not play the ball back again.*" This, however, has actually been done.

In 1798, bets were taken in the Burgess Golfing Society that no two members could be found capable of driving a ball over the spire of St. Giles's steeple. The late Mr. Sceales of Leith, and Mr. Smellie, printer, were selected to perform this formidable undertaking. They were allowed to use six balls each. The balls passed considerably higher than the weather-cock, and were found nearly opposite the Advocates' Close. The bet was decided early in the morning, in case of accident, the parties taking their station at the south-east corner of the Parliament Square. The feat is described as one of easy performance. The required elevation was obtained by a barrel stave, suitably fixed; and the height of the steeple, which is one hundred and sixty-one feet, together with the distance from the base of the Church, were found to be much less

than a good stroke of the club. The elevation was taken by Mr. Laidlaw, teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh. For a bet, a ball was driven, some years ago, by Mr. Donald M'Lean, W.S., over Melville's Monument, in St. Andrew Square.

When confined to its proper limits, the game of golf is one of moderate exercise, and excellently calculated for healthful recreation. In the West of Scotland it is comparatively unknown. One cause for this may be the want of Commons, or Links, sufficiently large for the pastime to be pursued to advantage. In Glasgow, a golf club was formed some years ago, but we understand the members were under the necessity of breaking up, in consequence of having been prohibited the use of the Green, part of which is preserved with great care for the purposes of bleaching. In Stirling, two or three golfers may occasionally be seen playing in the King's Park, but the game has evidently ceased to be popular there. An attempt was recently, very injudiciously, made to stop the players by the tacksman, but ineffectually. About Edinburgh, Musselburgh, Perth, St. Andrew's, and other districts, where no restraints exist, golf maintains a decided superiority, and seems at the present time to be followed with new spirit. Indeed, the game was never more popular. In addition to the old Clubs in the district

already mentioned, another has been recently established at North Berwick, the meetings of which are numerously attended. St. Andrew's, however, has been denominated the "Doncaster" of Golfing. A great many of the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties are members of the Club, which bears the name of the tutelar Saint, and the autumn meeting may be said to continue for a week, during which the crack players from all quarters of the country have an opportunity of pitting their strength and skill against each other. On these occasions, the Links, crowded with players and spectators, present a gay and animated scene. Two medals are played for—the one belonging to the Club, and the other a recent gift of King William the Fourth, which was competed for at their meeting in 1837, for the first time, and attracted a very great assemblage of the best golfers. At the ordinaries in the evening, the parties fight their battles o'er again, and new matches are entered into. The day on which the King's medal was played for terminated with a ball, given by the Club, which was numerously and fashionably attended. In London, a Society of Golfers still exists, principally composed, we believe, of Scotsmen, called the Blackheath Golf Club, which was established prior to the year 1745.

GOLFIANA:

OR NICETIES CONNECTED WITH THE GAME OF GOLF.*

Dedicated, with respect, to the Members of all Golfing Clubs, and to those of St. Andrews and North Berwick in particular.

BY GEORGE FULLERTON CARNEGIE.

GEORGE FULLERTON CARNEGIE of Pitarrow, author of "Golfiana," was born at the beginning of this century. His father having died early, he had a long minority, and consequent accummulation of fortune. At the time of his coming of age he was proprietor of Pitarrow, and of Charlton in Forfarshire, within two miles of the Links of Montrose, affording, with accumulations, fully £5000 a year.

Carnegie no sooner came into possession than he commenced a gay and extravagant life in Edinburgh, and in a few years had his estates in the hands of his creditors, and was under trust. Before his reverse he married a daughter of Sir John Connell. Carnegie was a remarkably clever man, and had a wide range of knowledge and

* Edinburgh, 1842.

exact information. He was of a poetic genius, too, His "Golfiana" made a sensation among golfers of the day: it hit off so humorously the characteristics of the men he introduced in it. Notwithstanding certain peculiarities, he was a thorough gentleman in manner; and though small, he was manly and hardy, having no spare flesh, and his muscles were like whipcord. He had a passion for golf, which continued to the last, playing at St. Andrews, Montrose, and Musselburgh. Though reduced to a comparatively small income, he enjoyed life to near the end, living much with his friends, Ross of Rossie, the late Lord Saltoun, and many others, by whom he was much appreciated. He died at Montrose in 1843.

GOLFIANA.

ADDRESS TO ST. ANDREWS.

ST. ANDREWS! they say that thy glories are gone,
That thy streets are deserted, thy castles o'erthrown:
If thy glories *be* gone, they are only, methinks,
As it were, by enchantment, transferr'd to thy Links.
Though thy streets be not now, as of yore, full of prelates,
Of abbots and monks, and of hot-headed zealots,
Let none judge us rashly, or blame us as scoffers,
When we say that instead there are Links full of Golfers,

With more of good heart and good feeling among them
Than the abbots, the monks, and the zealots who sung them:
We have red coats and bonnets, we've putters and clubs;
The green has its bunkers, its hazards, and *rubs;*
At the long hole across we have biscuits and beer,
And the Hebes who sell it give zest to the cheer:
If this make not up for the pomp and the splendour
Of mitres, and murders, and mass—we'll surrender;
If Golfers and cadies be not better neighbours
Than abbots and soldiers, with crosses and sabres,
Let such fancies remain with the fool who so thinks,
While we toast old St. Andrews, its Golfers and Links.

THE GOLFIAD.

Arma, virumq. cano.—VIRGIL, *Æn.* i. l. 1.

BALLS, clubs, and men I sing, who, first, methinks,
Made sport and bustle in North Berwick Links,
Brought coin and fashion, betting and renown,
Champagne and claret, to a country town,
And lords and ladies, knights and squires to ground
Where washerwomen erst and snobs were found!

Had I the pow'rs of him who sung of Troy—
Gems of the learned, bore of every boy—
Or him, the bard of Rome, who, later, told
How great Æneas roam'd and fought of old—
I then might shake the gazing world like them:
For, who denies I have as grand a theme?
Time-honoured Golf!—I heard it whispered once
That he who could not play was held a dunce
On old Olympus, when it teem'd with gods.
O rare!—but it's a lie—I'll bet the odds!
No doubt these Heathen gods, the very minute
They knew the game, would have delighted in it!
Wars, storms, and thunder—all would have been off!
Mars, Jove, and Neptune would have studied Golf,
And swiped—like Oliphant and Wood below—
Smack over Hell* at one immortal go!
Had Mecca's Prophet known the noble game
Before he gave his paradise to fame,
He would have promis'd, in the land of light,
Golf all the day—and Houris all the night!
But this is speculation: we must come,
And work the subject rather nearer home;
Lest in attempting all too high to soar,
We fall, like Icarus, to rise no more.

* Hell—a range of broken ground on St. Andrews Links.

The game is ancient—manly—and employs,
In its departments, women, men, and boys:
Men play the game, the boys the clubs convey,
And lovely woman gives the prize away,
When August brings the great, the medal day!
Nay, more: tho' some may doubt, and sneer, and scoff,
The female muse has sung the game of Golf,
And trac'd it down, with choicest skill and grace,
Thro' all its bearings, to the human race;
The tee, the start of youth—the game, our life—
The ball when fairly bunkered, man and wife.

Now, Muse, assist me while I strive to name
The varied skill and chances of the game.
Suppose we play a match: if all agree,
Let Clan and Saddell tackle Baird and me.
Reader, attend! and learn to play at Golf;
The lord of Saddell and myself strike off!
He strikes—he's in the ditch—this hole is ours;
Bang goes my ball—it's bunker'd, by the pow'rs.
But better play succeeds, these blunders past,
And in six strokes the hole is halved at last.

O hole! tho' small, and scarcely to be seen,
Till we are close upon thee, on the green;

And tho' when seen, save Golfers, few can prize,
The value, the delight that in thee lies;
Yet, without thee, our tools were useless all—
The club, the spoon, the putter, and the ball:
For all is done—each ball arranged on tee,
Each stroke directed—but to enter thee!
If—as each tree, and rock, and cave of old,
Had *its* presiding nymph, as we are told—
Thou hast *thy* nymph; I ask for nothing but
Her aid propitious when I come to putt.
Now for the second: And here Baird and Clan
In turn must prove which is the better man:
Sir David swipes sublime!—into the quarry!
Whiz goes the chief—a sneezer, by Old Harry!
"Now, lift the stones, but do not touch the ball,
The hole is lost if it but move at all:
Well play'd, my cock! you could not have done more;
'Tis bad, but still we may get home at four."
Now, near the hole Sir David plays the odds;
Clan plays the like, and wins it, by the gods!
"A most disgusting *steal;* well, come away,
They're one ahead, but we have four to play.
We'll win it yet, if I can cross the ditch:
They're over, smack! come, there's another *sich.*"

Baird plays a trump—we hole at three—they stare,
And miss their putt—so now the match is square.

And here, who knows but, as old Homer sung,
The scales of fight on Jove's own finger hung?
Here Clan and Saddell; there swing Baird and I,—
Our merits, that's to say: for half an eye
Could tell, if *bodies* in the scales were laid,
Which must descend, and which must rise ahead.

If Jove were thus engaged, we did not see him,
But told our boys to clean the balls and tee 'em.
In this next hole the turf is most uneven;
We play like tailors—only in at seven,
And they at six; most miserable play!
But let them laugh who win. Hear Saddell say,
"Now, by the piper who the pibroch played
Before old Moses, we are one ahead,
And only two to play—a special *coup!*
Three five-pound notes to one!" "Done, sir, with you."
We start again; and in this dangerous hole
Full many a stroke is played with heart and soul:
"Give me the iron!" either party cries,
As in the quarry, track, or sand he lies.
We reach the green at last, at even strokes;

Some cadie chatters, *that* the chief provokes,
And makes him miss his putt; Baird holes the ball;
Thus, with but one to play, 'tis even all!
'Tis strange, and yet there cannot be a doubt,
That such a snob should put a chieftain out:
The noble lion, thus, in all his pride,
Stung by the gadfly, roars and starts aside;
Clan did *not* roar—*he* never makes a noise—
But said, "They're very troublesome, these boys."
His partner muttered something not so civil,
Particulary, "scoundrels"—"at the devil!"
Now Baird and Clan in turn strike off and play
Two strokes, the best that have been seen to-day.
His spoon next Saddell takes, and plays a trump—
Mine should have been as good but for a bump
That turn'd it off. Baird plays the odds—it's all
But in!—at five yards, good, Clan holes the ball!
My partner, self, and song—all three are done!
We lose the match, and all the bets thereon!
Perhaps you think that, tho' I'm not a winner,
My muse should stay and celebrate the dinner;
The ample joints that travel up the stair,
To grace the table spread by Mrs. Blair;
The wine, the ale, the toasts, the jokes, the songs,
And all that to such revelry belongs:—

It may not be! 'twere fearful falling off
To sing such trifles after singing Golf
In most majestic strain; let others dwell
On such, and rack their carnal brains to tell
A tale of sensuality!—Farewell!

THE FIRST HOLE AT ST. ANDREWS ON A CROWDED DAY.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—ÆN. i. l. 208.

'Tis morn! and man awakes, by sleep refresh'd,
To do whate'er he has to do with zest;
But at St. Andrews, where my scene is laid,
One only thought can enter every head;
The thought of golf, to wit—and that engages
Men of all sizes, tempers, ranks, and ages;
The root—the *primum mobile* of all,
The epidemic of the club and ball;
The work by day, the source of dreams by night,
The never-failing fountain of delight!
Here, Mr. Philp, club-maker, is as great
As Philip—as any minister of state!
And every cadie as profess'd a hero
As Captain Cook, or Wellington, or Nero!
For instance—Davie, oldest of the cads,

Who gives *half-one* to unsuspicious lads,
When he *might* give them *two*, or even *more*,
And win, perhaps, three matches out of four,
Is just as politic in *his* affairs
As Talleyrand or Metternich in *theirs*.
He has the statesman's elements, 'tis plain,
Cheat, flatter, humbug—*anything* for gain;
And, had he trod the world's wide field, methinks,
As long as he has trod St. Andrews Links,
He might have been prime minister, or priest,
My lord, or plain *Sir David* at the least.

Now to the ground of golf my muse shall fly,
The various men assembled to descry,
Nine-tenths of whom, throughout the rolling year,
At the first hole *unfailingly* appear;
Where, "How d'ye do?" "Fine Morning," "Rainy day,"
And "What's the match?" are preludes to the play.
So full the meeting, that I scarcely can,
In such a crowd, distinguish man from man.
We'll take them as they come:—He next the wall,
Outside, upon the right, is Mr. Small;
And well he plays, though, rising on his toes,
Whiz round his head his *supple* club he throws.
There, Doctor Moodie, turtle-like, displays

His well-filled paunch, and swipes beyond all praise,
While Cuttlehill, of slang and chatter chief,
Provokes the bile of Captain George Moncrieffe.
See Colonel Playfair, shaped in form *rotund*,
Parade the unrivall'd Falstaff of the ground;
He laughs and jokes, plays "what you like," and yet
You'll rarely find him make a foolish bet.
Against the sky, displayed in high relief,
I see the figure of Clanranald's Chief,
Dress'd most correctly in the *fancy* style,
Well-whisker'd face, and radiant with a smile;
He bows, shakes hands, and has a word for all—
So did Beau Nash, as master of the ball!
Near him is Saddell, dress'd in blue coat plain,
With lots of Gourlays, free from spot or stain;
He whirls his club to catch the proper *swing*,
And freely bets round all the scarlet ring;
And swears by *Ammon*, he'll engage to drive
As long a ball as any man alive!
That's Major Playfair, man of nerve unshaken,
He knows a thing or two, or I'm mistaken;
And, when he's pressed, can play a tearing game,
He works for *certainty*, and not for *Fame!*
There's none—I'll back the assertion with a wager—
Can play the *heavy iron* like the Major.

Next him is Craigie Halkett, one who can
Swipe out, for distance, against any man;
But in what *course* the ball so struck may go,
No looker on—not he himself—can know.
See Major Holcroft, he's a steady hand,
Among the best of all the golfing band;
He plays a winning game in every part,
But near the hole displays the greatest art.
There young Patullo stands, and he, methinks,
Can drive the longest ball upon the links;
And well he plays the spoon and iron, but
He fails a *little* when he comes to *putt.*
Near Captain Cheape, a sailor by profession
(But not so good at golf as navigation),
Is Mr. Peter Glass, who once could play
A better game than he can do to-day.
We cannot last for ever! and the *gout,*
Confirmed, is wondrous apt to put us out.
There, to the left, I see Mount-Melville stand
Erect, his *driving putter* in his hand;
It is a club he cannot leave behind,
It works the balls so well against the wind.
Sir David Erskine has come into play,
He has not won the medal *yet,* but *may.*
Dost love the greatest laugher of the lot?

Then play a round with little Mr. Scott;
He is a merry cock, and seems to me
To win or lose with equal ecstasy.
Here's Mr. Messieux, he's a noble player,
But something *nervous*—that's a bad affair;
It sadly spoils his putting, when he's *press'd*—
But let him *win*, and he will beat the *best*.
That little man that's seated on the ground
In red, must be Carnegie, I'll be bound!
A most conceited dog, not slow to *go it*
At golf, or anything—a *sort* of poet;
He talks to Wood,—John Wood,—who ranks among
The tip-top hands that to the Club belong;
And Oliphant, the rival of the last,
Whose play, at times, can scarcely be surpass'd.
Who's he that's just arrived?—I know him well;
It is the Cupar Provost, John Dalzell:
When he *does* hit the ball, he swipes likes blazes—
It is but *seldom*, and *himself* amazes;
But, when he winds his horn, and leads the chase,
The Laird of Lingo's in his proper place.
It has been *said* that, at the *break of day*,
His golf is better than his evening play:
That must be scandal; for I'm sure that none
Could think of golf before the rise of sun.

He now is talking to his lady's brother,
A man of politics, Sir Ralph Anstruther:
Were he but once in Parliament, methinks,
And working *there* as well as on the *Links*,
The boroughs, I'll be bound, would not repent them
That they had such a man to represent them:
There's *one thing* only, when he's *on the roll*,
He must not lose his *nerve*, as when he's near the hole.
Upon his right is Major Bob Anstruther;
Cobbet's *one* radical—and he's *another*.

But when we meet, as here, to play at golf,
Whig, Radical, and Tory—all are off—
Off the contested politics I mean—
And fun and harmony illume the scene,
We make our matches for the love of playing,
Without one loathsome feeling but the *paying*.
And that is lessened by the thought, we *borrow*
Only to-day what we shall *win* to-morrow.
Then, here's prosperity to Golf! and long
May those who play be cheerful, fresh, and strong
When *driving* ceases, may we still be able
To play the *shorts*, *putt*, and be comfortable!
And, to the latest, may we fondly cherish
The thoughts of Golf—so let St. Andrews flourish!

ANOTHER PEEP AT THE LINKS.

Alter erit tum Typhys, et altera quæ vehat Argo
Dilectos heroas—erunt etiam altera bella.
VIRG. GEORGIC.

AWAKE, my slumb'ring Muse, and plume thy wing,
Our former theme—the Game of Golf—to sing!
For, since the subject last inspired my pen,
Ten years have glided by, or nearly ten.
Still the old hands at golf delight to play—
Still new succeed them as they pass away:
Still ginger-bread and parliament are seen
Serv'd out by Houris to the peopled green;
And still the royal game maintains its place,
And will maintain it through each rising race.

Still Major Playfair shines, a star at golf;
And still the Colonel—though a *little* off:
The former, skill'd in many a curious art,
As chemist, mechanist, can play his part,
And understands, besides the power of swiping,
Electro-Talbot and Daguerreotyping.
Still Colonel Holcroft steady walks the grass,
And still his putting nothing can surpass—

And still he drives, unless the weather's rough,
Not quite so far as *once*, but far enough.

Still Saddell walks, superb, improved in play,
Though his blue jacket now is turn'd to grey;
Still are his balls as rife and clean as wont—
Still swears by Ammon, and still bets the *blunt*—
Still plays all matches—still is often beat—
And still, in iced punch, drowns each fresh defeat.

Still on the green Clanranald's chief appears,
As gay as ever, as untouch'd by years;
He laughs at Time, and Time, perhaps through whim,
Respects his nonchalance, and laughs at him;
Just fans him with his wings, but spares his head,
As loth to lose a subject so well bred.

Sir Ralph returns—he has been absent long—
No less renown'd in golfing than in song;
With continental learning richly stored,
Teutonic bards translated and explored;
A *Literaire*—a German scholar now,
With all *Griselda's* honours on his brow!

The Links have still the pleasure to behold
Messieux, complete in matches as of old;

He, modest, tells you that his day's gone by,
If any think it *is so*—let them try!
Still portly William Wood is to be seen,
As good as ever on the velvet green,
The same unfailing trump; but John, methinks,
Has taken to the *Turf*, and shies the Links.

Whether the *Leger* and the *Derby* pay
As well as *Hope Grant*, I can scarcely say;
But let that be—'tis better, John, old fellow,
To pluck the *rooks*, than *rook* the *violoncello*.

Permit me just a moment to digress—
Friendship would chide me should I venture less—
The poor Chinese, there cannot be a doubt,
Will shortly be demolish'd out and out;
But—O how blest beyond the common line
Of conquer'd nations by the Power divine!—
Saltoun to cut their yellow throats, and then
Hope Grant to play their requiem notes.—Amen.

Still George Moncrieffe appears the crowd before,
Lieutenant-Colonel—Captain now no more;
Improv'd in ev'rything—in looks and life,
And, more than all, the husband of a wife!

As in the olden time, see Craigie Halkett—
Wild strokes and swiping, jest, and fun, and racket;
He leaves us now. But, in three years, I trust,
He will return, and sport his *muzzle dust*,
Play golf again, and patronise all cheer,
From noble *Claret* down to *Bitter Beer*.

Mount-Melville still erect as ever stands,
And plies his club with energetic hands,
Plays short and steady, often is a winner—
A better Captain never graced a dinner,

But where is *Oliphant*, that artist grand?
He scarce appears among the golfing band.
No doubt he's married; but, when that befalls,
Is there an end to putters, clubs, and balls?
Not so, methinks: *Sir David Baird* can play
With any golfer of the present day;
The *Laird of Lingo*, Major Bob Anstruther—
Both married, and the one as good's the other.

Dalgleish and Haig, two better men to play
You scarce will meet upon a summer's day;
Alike correct, whatever may befall,
Swipe, iron, putter, quarter-stroke, and all.

Old Robert Lindsay plays a decent game,
Tho' not a Golfer of *enormous* fame.
Well can he fish with minnow as with fly,
Paint, and play *farthing-brag* uncommonly,
Give jolly dinners, justice courts attend,
A good companion, and a steady friend.

But *Cuttlehill*, that wonderful *buffoon*,
We meet him now no more, as wont, at noon;
No more along the green his jokes are heard,
And some who *dared* not *then*, now take the word.
Farewell! facetious Jem—too surely gone—
A loss to us—*Joe Miller* to *Boulogne*.

Poor Peter Glass, a worthy soul and *blue*,
Has paid the debt of nature—'tis too true!
Long did his candle flicker with the gout—
One puff, a little stronger, *blew it out*.
And good Patullo! he who drove as none,
Since him, have driven—he is also gone!
And Captain Cheape—who does not mourn the day
That snatch'd so good, so kind a friend away?
One more I name—and only one—but he
Was older far, and lower in degree—
Great Davie Robertson, the eldest cad,

In whom the good was stronger than the bad;
He sleeps in death! and with him sleeps a skill
Which Davie, statesmanlike, could wield at will!
Sound be his slumbers! yet, if he should wake
In worlds where golf is play'd, himself he'd shake,
And look about, and tell each young beginner,
"I'll gie half-ane—nae mair, as I'm a sinner."
He leaves a son, and Allan is his name,
In golfing far beyond his father's fame;
Tho' in diplomacy, I shrewdly guess,
His skill's inferior, and his fame is less.

Now for the *mushrooms*—old, perchance, or new,
But whom my former strain did not review:
I'll name an *old one*, Paton, Tom of Perth,
Short, stout, grey-headed, but of sterling worth;
A golfer perfect—something it may be
The worse for *wear*, but few so true as he;
Good-humour'd when behind as when ahead,
And drinks like blazes till he goes to bed.
His friend is Peddie, not an awful swiper,
But, at the putting, he's a very *viper;*
Give him a man to drive him through the green,
And he'll be bad to beat, it will be seen—

Paton and Peddie—Peddie and Paton,
Are just the people one should bet upon.

There Keith with Andrew Wauchope works away,
And most respectable the game they play;
The navy Captain's steadiness and age
Give him, perhaps, the *pull*—but I'll engage,
Ere some few months, or rather weeks, are fled,
Youth and activity will take the lead.

See Gilmour next—and he can drive a ball
As far as any man among them all;
In ev'ry hunting field can lead the van,
And is throughout a perfect gentleman.

Next comes a handsome man, with Roman nose
And whiskers dark—Wolfe Murray, I suppose—
He has begun but lately, still he plays
A fairish game, and therefore merits praise;
Ask him when at his *worst*, and he will say,
"'Tis bad—but, Lord! how I play'd *yesterday!*"

Another man, with whiskers—stout and strong—
A golfer too, who swipes his balls along,
And well he putts, but I should simply say,
His *own opinion's* better than his play;

Dundas can sing a song, or glee, or catch,
I think, far better than he makes a match.

But who is he, whose hairy lips betray
Hussar or Lancer? Muse, oh, kindly say!
'Tis Captain Feilden. Lord, how hard he hits!
'Tis strange he does not knock the ball to bits!
Sometimes he hits it fair, and makes a stroke
Whose distance Saddell's envy might provoke.
But take his *common* play; the worst that ever
Play'd golf might give him *one*, and beat him clever.
Bad tho' he be, the Captain has done more
Than ever man who play'd at golf before.
One thund'ring ball he drove—'twas in despair—
Wide of the hole indeed, but kill'd a *hare!*

Ah! Captain Campbell, old Schehallion, see!
Most have play'd longer, few so well as he.
A sterling Highlander—and that's no trifle;
So thinks the *Gael*—a workman with a rifle;
Keeps open house—a very proper thing—
And, tho' rheumatic, *fiddles* like a king!

Sir Thomas of Moncrieffe—I cannot doubt
But he will be a golfer out and out;

Tho' now, perhaps, he's off, and careless too—
His misses numerous, his hits are few;
But he is zealous; and the time will be
When few will better play the game than he.
Balbirnie and Makgill will both be good—
Strong, active, lathy fellows; so they should.

But for John Grant, a clever fellow too,
I really fear that golf will never do!
'Tis strange, indeed; for he can paint, and ride,
And hunt the hounds, and many a thing beside;
Amuse his friends with anecdote and fun;
But when he takes his club in hand—he's *done!*
Stay! I retract!—Since writing the above,
I've seen him play a better game, by Jove;
So much beyond what one could have believ'd,
That I confess myself for once deceived;
And, *if* he can go on the season through,
There's still a *chance* that he may really *do.*

I've kept a man in *petto,* for the last—
Not an old golfer, but by few surpassed—
Great Captain Fairlie! When he drives a ball—
One of his *best*—for he don't hit them *all,*

It then requires no common stretch of sight
To watch its progress, and to see it light.

One moment—I've another to define,
A famous sportsman, and a judge of wine—
Whom faithful Mem'ry offers to my view;
He made the game a study, it is true,
Still many play as well—but, for *position*,
John Buckle fairly beggars competition!

And now farewell! I am the worse for wear—
Grey is my jacket, growing grey my hair!
And, though my play is pretty much the same,
Mine is, at best, a despicable game.
But still I like it—still delight to sing
Clubs, players, cadies, balls, and everything.
But all that's bright must fade! and we who play,
Like those before us, soon must pass away;
Yet it requires no prophet's skill to trace
The royal game thro' each succeeding race;
While on the tide of generations flows,
It still shall bloom, a never-fading rose;
And still St. Andrews Links, with flags unfurl'd,
Shall peerless reign, and challenge all the world!

THE RULES OF THE GAME OF GOLF.

AS PLAYED BY THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB OF ST. ANDREWS.

I.—Mode and Order of Playing the Game.

1. The Game of Golf is generally played by two sides. Each side may consist either of one person or of two, who play alternately. It may also be played by three or more sides, each playing its own ball.

2. The game commences by each side playing off a ball from a place called the "*teeing ground,*" near the first hole. In a match with two on a side, the partners shall strike off alternately from the tee; and the players opposed to each other shall be named at starting, and shall continue in the same order during the match. The player entitled to play off first shall be named by the parties themselves, and his side shall continue to lead off, till they lose a hole; and although the courtesy of starting is generally granted to captains of the Club and old members, it may be settled by lot or toss of a coin.

3. The hole is won by the side holing at fewest strokes; and the reckoning of the strokes is made by the terms *odds* and *like, two more, three more, one off two,* etc.

4. The side gaining a hole shall lead at the next (except at the commencement of a new match, in which case the winner of the previous match is to lead), and is entitled to claim his privilege and recall his opponent's stroke should he play out of order. This privilege is called the "*honour*."

5. One round of the Links is reckoned a match, unless otherwise stipulated. The match is won by the side which wins one, or more holes, in excess of the number of holes remaining to be played.

6. If, in a double match, a player shall play when his partner should have done so, his side loses the hole.

NOTE TO RULE I.—6 (*a*). When the Telegraph Board is placed at the first teeing ground, a person will be in charge of it, to note the order of starting. It will be sufficient for any one player in a match to put his name down, but when their turn comes to play off, all the players must be ready to start or else they lose their turn, and go to the bottom of the list of names down at the time.

II.—Place of Teeing and Playing through the Green.

7. The ball must be teed within the marks laid down by the Conservator of the Links, which shall be considered the "Teeing Ground." The balls shall not be teed in advance of such marks, nor more than two club lengths behind them.

8. A ball played in contravention of this rule may be recalled by the opposite side.

9. After the balls are struck off, the ball furthest from the hole to which the parties are playing must be played first. No player shall play his teed ball till the party in front have played their second strokes; nor play on to the Putting-Green till the party in front of him has holed out.

NOTE TO RULE II.—9 (*a*). It is requested that when a party is waiting to approach the hole, the party that has "holed out" will not cause delay by trying their putts over again.

III.—Changing the Balls.

10. The balls struck off from the tee must not be changed, touched, or moved, before the hole is played out (except in striking, and the cases provided for by Rules IV., V., VII., VIII., IX., XIII., and XVII.); and if the sides are at a loss to know one ball from the other, neither shall be touched without the consent of both.

IV.—Lifting of Break-Clubs.

11. All loose impediments within a club-length of the ball may be removed, unless the ball lies within a bunker; on sand; on a molehill; on a road; or other hazard; or touching a growing whin. (Rules VI., IX., and XII.)

12. When a ball lies in a bunker, sand, or any other hazard, there shall be no impression made by the club whilst addressing the ball, nor sand nor other obstacle removed "before striking at the ball."

13. On no occasion is it allowable to press down any irregularities of surface, to improve the lie of the ball.

14. A ball lying on sand, sprinkled on grass on the course for the preservation of the Links, shall be treated as if it lay on grass.

15. When a ball lies near a washing-tub, or implements used in the up-keep of the Links, they may be removed, and when on clothes, the ball may be lifted and dropped behind them, without a penalty.

V.—Entitled to see the Ball.

16. When a ball is completely covered by fog, bent, whins, etc., only so much thereof shall be set aside as that the player shall have a view of his ball before he plays, whether in a line with the hole or otherwise.

17. Nothing that is growing, may be bent, broken, nor removed, except in the act of striking at the ball, or in the special occasion provided for in par. 16.

18. A ball stuck fast in wet ground or sand may be taken out and replaced loosely in the hole it has made.

VI.—Clearing the Putting-Green.

19. All loose impediments of whatever kind, may be lifted when the ball is on the Putting-Green, and no hazards intervene between the ball and the hole, excepting as is declared in Rule IV.

20. The term "Putting-Green" shall be considered to mean those portions of the links devoid of hazards within 20 yards of a hole.

NOTE TO RULE VI.—20 (*a*). When ice or snow lies on the Putting-Greens, parties are recommended to make their own arrangements as to its removal or not, before commencing their match.

VII.—Lifting Balls.

21. When the balls lie within six inches of each other, in any situation, the ball nearer the hole to which the parties are playing must be lifted till the other is played, and then placed as nearly as possible in its original position. Should the ball furthest from the hole be accidentally moved in so doing, it must be replaced without a penalty. The six inches to be measured from the nearest surfaces of the balls.

22. In a three or more ball match, a ball in any degree lying between the player and the hole must be lifted as above, or, if on the Putting-Green, holed out.

VIII.—Ball in Water.

23. If the ball lie in water, the player may take it out, change it if he pleases, drop it, and play from behind the hazard, losing a stroke.

24. If the ball lie in any position in the Swilcan Burn, whether in water or not, the player may take it out, drop it on the line where it entered the burn, on the opposite side to the hole to which he is playing, and lose a stroke, or he may play it where it lies without a penalty.

25. Should a ball be driven into the water of the Eden at the high hole, or into the Sea at the first hole, the ball must be teed a club length in front of either river or sea, the player or side losing a stroke.

IX.—Rubs of the Green and Penalties.

26. Whatever happens to a ball by accident, such as being moved or stopped by any person not engaged in the match, or by the fore caddie, must be reckoned a "Rub on the Green," and submitted to.

27. If, however, a player's ball strike his opponent or his opponent's caddie or club, or is moved by them, the opponent loses the hole.

28. If the ball strike himself or his partner, or either of their caddies or clubs, or is stopped by them, or if, while

in the act of playing, he strikes the ball twice, the player loses the hole.

29. If the player, or his partner, touch their ball with the foot, or any part of the body (except as provided for in Rules IV., V., VII., and VIII.), or with anything except the club, his side loses a stroke.

30. If the player, whilst addressing himself to the ball on any occasion, except at the tee, touch it so as to cause it to move, or if his hand, foot or club touch a bent, stick, or anything which causes the ball to move, or if the player's caddie move the ball, he loses a stroke.

31. A ball is considered to have been moved if it leaves its original position in the least degree, or stops in another; but if a player touches his ball so as to make it merely oscillate and not leave its original position, it is not considered to have been moved.

32. If a player or his caddie strike the opponent's ball in any manner, that side loses the hole; but if he plays it inadvertently, thinking it is his own, and the opponent also plays the wrong ball, it is then too late to claim the penalty, and the hole must be played out with the balls thus changed. If, however, the mistake occurs from wrong information given by one party to the other, the penalty cannot be claimed, and the mistake, if discovered

before the other party has played, must be rectified by replacing the ball as nearly as possible where it lay.

33. If a player's ball be played away by mistake, or be lifted by any agency outside the match, then the player must drop it, or another ball, as near the spot as possible, without any penalty. Should this occur on the Putting-Green, the ball may be replaced by hand.

X.—Ball Lost.

34. In match playing, a ball lost entails the loss of the hole. Should the ball not be found within ten minutes, the opposite side can claim the hole.

NOTE TO RULE X.—34 (*a*). A ball getting into the enclosure (between the Road and the Dyke holes), called the "Station-Master's Garden," shall be treated as a lost ball.

XI.—Club Breaking.

35. If, in striking, the club breaks, it is nevertheless to be counted a stroke, if the part of the club remaining in the player's hand either strike the ground, or pass the ball.

XII.—Holing out the Ball.

36. In holing, no mark shall be placed, or line drawn, to indicate the line to the hole; the ball must be played fairly and honestly for the hole, and not on the opponent's

ball, not being in the way to the hole; nor, although lying in the way to the hole, is the player entitled to play with any strength upon it, that might injure his opponent's position, or greater than is necessary honestly to send his own ball the distance of the hole.

37. Either player, when it is his turn to play, may remove, but not press down, sand, or worm heaps, lying around the hole, or on the line of his "put;" but this must be done lightly by the player or his caddie, with the hand only. Except as above mentioned, or when the player is in the act of addressing himself to his ball, the putting line must not be touched by club, hand, nor foot. If the player desires the "line to the hole," it may be pointed out by a club shaft only,

38. If, in holding out, the ball rest upon the flag-stick in the hole, the player shall be entitled to have the stick removed, and if the ball fall in, it shall be considered as holed out; but either party is entitled to have the flag-stick removed when approaching the hole. When a player's ball rests on the lip of the hole, his opponent, after holing in the "odd" or the "like," shall be entitled to strike away the ball which is at the lip of the hole, claiming the hole if he shall have holed in the "like;" and the "half" if he shall have holed in the

"odd." But no player shall be entitled to play, until his opponent's ball shall have ceased rolling.

XIII.—Unplayable Balls.

39. In *Match* playing every ball must be played wherever it lies, or the hole be giving up, excepting where otherwise provided for—(Rule IV. and VIII.)

40. If a ball lies in any of the holes made for golfing, or on ground under repair by the conservator of the Links, it may be lifted, dropped behind the hazard, and played without losing a stroke.

41. In all cases where a ball is to be dropped, the party doing so shall front the hole to which he is playing, standing close behind the hazard, within two club lengths, and dropping the ball behind him from his head.

NOTE TO RULE XIII.—41 (*a*). Ground under repair will be marked by stakes.

XIV.—Asking Advice.

42. A player must not ask advice about the game by word, look, or gesture from any one except his own caddie, his partner's caddie, or his partner.

XV.—Disputes.

43. Any dispute respecting the play shall be determined by the captain, or senior member present; or, if

none of the members are present, it shall be settled by a committee appointed by the parties interested; or by the captain and his annual council for the time, at their first meeting.

XVI.—Parties passing each other.

44. Any party having lost a ball, and incurring delay by seeking for it, may be passed by any other party coming up.

45. On all occasions a *two-ball* match may pass a party playing three or more balls.

46. Parties having caddies may pass those carrying their own clubs.

47. Parties turning before going the whole round must let any two-ball match that has done so pass them.

XVII.—Balls Splitting.

48. If a ball splits into two or more pieces, a fresh ball shall be put down where the largest portion of the ball lies; and if a ball is cracked the player may change it on intimating his intention of doing so to his opponent.

XVIII.—Breach of Rules.

49. Where no penalty for the infringement of a rule is specially mentioned, the loss of the hole shall be understood to be the penalty.

XIX.—Medal Days—Special Rules.

50. All competitions for the Medals of the Club will be decided by playing one round of the Links of 18 holes *— the competitor doing it in fewest strokes shall be the winner. If the lowest score should be made by two or more, the ties will be decided by the parties playing another round, either that day or the following, as the Captain, or, in his absence, the Secretary, may direct.

51. On the morning of the Medal day new holes will be made, and any member playing at them before he competes will be disqualified.

52. Before starting each competitor must obtain from the Secretary a scoring card, and in the absence of a special marker, the players will note each other's score. They must satisfy themselves at the finish of each hole that their strokes have been accurately marked; and on completion of the round hand the card to the Secretary or his deputy.

53. The order of starting will be balloted for the previous evening. Any couple not at the teeing ground when their number is called must go the bottom of the

* Excepting the "Glennie Medal," which is awarded to the player whose combined scores at the Spring and Autumn competitions of the Club are the lowest. The Medal to be presented at the Autumn meetings.

list. A party starting from the first tee must allow the party in front of them to cross the burn before striking off.

54. All balls must be holed out, and when on the Putting-Green, the flag must be removed, and the player whose ball is nearest the hole has the option of holing out first. Either player can have another player's ball lifted if he finds that it interferes with his stroke. The ball that has been lifted must be carefully replaced.

55. If a ball be lost, the player returns to the spot, as near as possible, where the ball was struck, tees another ball, and loses a stroke. If the lost ball be found, before he has struck the other ball, the first ball shall continue the one to be played.

56. A ball driven into the water of the Eden or Sea may be treated as a lost ball. A player striking his caddie, or himself, or his clubs with his ball, or who, in the act of playing, strikes the ball twice, shall lose one stroke only as the penalty. A ball may, under a penalty of two strokes, be lifted out of a difficulty of any description and teed behind the same.

57. No Competitor may play with a Professional.

58. All private matches must be delayed till the last competitors have finished the first hole.

59. The ordinary Rules of Golf, so far as they are not

at variance with these special rules, shall also be applicable on medal days.

These Rules were approved of, and adopted at a General Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, held on the 2nd May, 1882.

RANDLE JACKSON,

Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club.

31*st May,* 1882.

THE GAME AND HOW TO PLAY IT.*

THE MODERN GAME.

THE game of Golf, as it is played now-a-days, is, we suspect, a very different affair from the primitive pastime of some hundreds of years ago. We *suspect;* for, as has been deplored in our previous chapter, there are no Golfing annals to search for curious information—no quaint tome, blazoned with monkish delineations of the sport, to refer to; and how the game was played in detail, who were its patrons, who the lights of its science, are points of interest now entirely lost to us.

But centuries, it is almost needless to say have not denied, in their lapse, to Golf, the improvements which have been vouchsafed to almost every other art and amusement in the world. No; centuries have passed over the rugged heath and reclaimed sand-bank, and have smoothed them to velvet carpets for the sport; centuries, by destroying with the knowledge they evoked, these old fallacies of amusement, the card, the dice-box, the loathsome hell, and the nightly debauch carried into the noon-

* From the *Golfer's Manual.* By H. B. Farnie. 1857.

day, which our forefathers delighted to honour; and by replacing their enervating excitements with the manly out-door pastimes of the present day, have brought wealth, numbers, and the patronage of the great, to bear upon the advancement and improvement of Golf.

Within the last few years a remarkable difference has been produced in the number of Golfers, by the discovery of Gutta Percha, and the branch discovery that it was excellently well fitted for the manufacture of Golf balls. Before that ever-memorable era in the history of the game, the Scottish Links did not present the same animated appearance they do now; nor were the votaries of the pastime composed so variously of all classes. There was a sufficient reason for this in the expense of requisites. The universal, because unavoidable, use of feather-balls is quite within the recollection of every one who has reached his third lustrum as a Golfer. These are awful days to look back on! Feather balls were constructed with great trouble to the maker, and at a corresponding expense to the player; their manufacture, indeed, constituted a distinct trade in Golfing communities. They were formed by stuffing boiled soft feathers, in quantities that would seem to many apocryphal, by means of a kind of awl, into a stout leather case, sewed into the similitude of a sphere; a little opening being left for the insertion of the feathers.

This hole was then finally stitched up; the case hammered round and painted; and the ball was ready for use. But alas! its duration was brief indeed: one or two rounds of a moderate-sized Links were quite sufficient to put it *hors-de-combat;* and its wheezing flight through the welkin was but too symptomatic that it was done for, to all the higher intents and purposes of Golfing. But it was destined to renew its youth, like an old courtier with his rouge and his patches. Again it was under the hands of the maker, who smoothed its ruffled surface and coated its gaping seams with paint,—then retailed it to embryo Golfers at a cost in keeping with "sere and yellow leaf."

This was the career of a Golf ball antecedent to the introduction of Gutta Percha, which caused a total revolution in the history of ball-making, The first flight of "Guttas" was hailed with a burst of joy financial by every one except the old monopolists of the feather manufacture. They saw no reason to rejoice; their occupation was, like Othello's, gone, at least in all seeming; and day after day the demand for feathers dwindled, and gutta percha was the order of the time. A few prejudiced oldsters, indeed, remained staunch liegemen of the old system; but only for a time, and at last the ball-makers themselves, who had firmly nailed their colours to the mast, surrendered before the increasing volleys of guttas.

We are, moreover, happy to state that the ball-makers, so far from losing by the advent of gutta percha, have had eventually ample reason to rejoice thereat; for, the only drawback to the enjoyment of the delightful pastime, its expense, being removed, the increase of players and their ability to invest in a number of balls at the same rate that formerly was the value of a couple, gives them ample and remunerative employment.

We may remark here that gutta percha balls, when properly made and hammered, or otherwise compressed so as to unite their particles firmly, fly quite as well as feathers through the air; and, like the King, they "never die;" for a judicious softening and re-hammering, with a coat or two of white paint, are all the preparation required to make them bound away as merrily and as handsome as when first they left the original mould.

The game of Golf has at the present day peculiar facilities for being properly played in Scotland, where, from the splendid tracts of sand which royal grants or the provident munificence of private bodies long ago set sacredly apart for its practice, the head-quarters of the sport are situated. Were Nature at the back of man he could scarcely lay out better links than those of St. Andrews, Perth, Musselburgh, Monifieth, Montrose, Prestwick, and many other places. The *habitués* of these several golfing grounds

have formed themselves into associations as well for the better protecting of the ground as golfing links, as for the development of the game by playing for medals; holding stated *meets* for the latter purpose. Of late years the influx of English families for the summer in Scotland has been steadily on the increase, and Golf in consequence numbers many keen votaries among the Southerns. Links, we believe, have been staked out in various parts of England; and these infant Golfing Clubs, aided and abetted by the Scotch residents, who, in their ubiquitous character, are sure to be found "quite handy," are doing as well as could be expected. In sultry India, too, the game is not unknown, where it is preferable to cricket as an out-door amusement for obvious reasons; and this fact is as good as a medical certificate of its virtues. This wide-spread estimation in which the sport is held has occasioned employment to a distinct set of artizans in golfing communities—clubmakers, ballmakers, caddies, etc.—thus giving a substantial and business-like air to the game, which speaks much for its steady popularity.

Before entering in our succeeding chapters upon a technical consideration of our subject, we shall give a slight general sketch of its nature.

The Golfing course is arbitrary in form; sometimes circular, sometimes oblong, but more generally stretching

irregularly in a winding direction. The best site for a Golfing ground is by the sea-shore, and we find nearly all of the Scottish Links so situated. A sandy soil does not encourage the thick and luxuriant growth of grass, an earthy one does; thus the turf is easily trodden down to velvety smoothness merely by the pressure of the player's feet. At intervals of time nomadic flocks of sheep aid in keeping the herbage down; so that the course is always fit for the niceties of the game without any special attention. Still the theatre of our scientific pastime is by no means a Bowling-green; the course-proper alone has this trim appearance. On each side bristle all kinds of furzy horrors,—whins, thick-tufted heather, and many other situations of distress for a wandering ball. The course on a good Links is not wider, on an average, than thirty to sixty yards; nor is golfing, even on this cleared space, altogether plain sailing. The surface is dotted over at frequent intervals with sandy holes, technically called bunkers, from two to six feet deep, of irregular forms and sizes; whilst here and there a whin is left in a likely place to intercept the unwary stroke. Then the inequalities of the ground—a hillock here, an abrupt rift there—vary the play, and call up all the skill of the performer to avoid Scylla, and yet not tumble into Charybdis.

Some Links again have more the appearance of parks: the whins (tough old bushes too) have ceased to mark with their yellow bloom the heathery margin of the course; the bunkers have degenerated from stiff golfing hazards into a resort for holiday children with wheelbarrows, spades, and agricultural propensities; and growing in consequence exaggerated, have lost their rugged outline, and are worn into gentle hollows on the plain. To complete the taming of such a Links, the reader has only to picture to himself the daily inroads of the kine appertaining unto some economic milkman—a score or two of nurserymaids—a few rinks of quoits—and, sprinkling the scene with washerwomen, he will easily see that in such a region the royal and ancient game of Golf is in imminent danger of dying a natural death, or at all events, of being deprived of its most delightful perils.

Over the course, at distances from each other varying from eighty to four hundred yards, are bored small circular holes, about four inches in diameter. These holes are placed on especially smooth tables of turf called putting greens, for there, as the reader will shortly learn, the nicer strokes of the game are played. When they have been played to some little time, these holes are shifted a few yards, as well to preserve the green from too much rubbing, as to vary the play by changing the *lie* of the

ground in the short game. When the course is circular in form, the players go round till they reach the starting point; if oblong or irregular, they play to the further end, then returning, play the same holes backwards till they reach the point they set out from. The object of the golfer is to propel a small hard ball by means of clubs (which it were needless to describe minutely here,) from one hole to another, and at last to hole it in a fewer number of strokes than his antagonist, who plays a separate ball. Until the hole is "lost and won," the ball is never touched by the hand, except in certain situations set forth in the code of Golfing Laws annexed to this little work. When the course has been thus accomplished, whoever has gained the greater number of holes is victor; but a match may be ended before the entire ground has been traversed, if one party has, at any stage of the game, already gained more holes than remain to be played, when, of course, his adversary, although winning all the rest, could not retrieve the fortune of the match.

We would advise our uninitiated reader to peruse, as supplemental to, and explanatory of, this brief description of the sport, the excellent code of golfing laws we have referred to. There he will find every detail of the game given, which he will be thoroughly able to comprehend with the aid of our glossary of technicalities. It would

be superfluous for us, with such a concise account, and full explanation of the various predicaments of the game given in these rules, to write even a *résumé* of the leading points here; and in our future chapters we shall consider the reader as being conversant with the general features of the pastime as therein described.

CLASSIFICATION OF CLUBS.

The first thing that strikes the novice with wonder is the variety and number of clubs used by the more expert players in the game of Golf. Unacquainted as the tyro necessarily must be with its mysteries, and having only a very vague idea how it is played, their number strikes him as being useless,—at all events unnecessary, and their variety as the result of whim. Nevertheless, they have each of them a shade of use different from that of the others; and this fact will show the novice inferentially to what a degree of nicety the game has been brought;—how every possible mishap is countermet by a skilfully adapted tool; and, in a word, that at Golf on the lengthening plain, as on the miniature "green" of the billiard table, a degree of perfection is attainable, astonishing to the uninitiated, and at once rebutting the ultra-philosophical view which sneers at the sport as childish and unmeaning.

A complete set of Golfing Clubs may be divided into four classes, contra-distinguished by technical names, viz. :—

DRIVERS;
SPOONS;
IRONS; and
PUTTERS.

These kinds again each embrace several clubs, having slight specific differences.

DRIVERS.—Drivers, so called from being the clubs used to "*drive*," "*swipe*," or propel the ball a long distance, are distinguished by their long, tapering, and flexible shafts, their small raking heads, and the powerful *feel* they have when handled. There are two members of this class; the play club, and the grassed driver. The first is employed, as a rule, to play over safe ground where no hazards lie exposed to the stroke; as the play club, from the peculiarity of its make, explained at length in a succeeding chapter, does not *sky* the ball much, which would only have the effect of spending its velocity in the air while it shortened the actual distance accomplished. This, as the reader will at once perceive, is therefore the best club to drive those tremendous strokes which make the striker an hero of oral tradition amongst golfers for many an after year. The grassed driver is also used to

effect distance when the ball happens to lie in one of three situations; when it is among soft grass; or on the downward slope of a hillock; or when a hazard looms dangerously in front of the stroke. The peculiarity of this club is, that in addition to sending the ball well away, it raises it considerably in the air. Were the play-club used in any of the three predicaments we have enumerated, the ball would, in the first case, be propelled through the grass and instantly stopped; in the second, would not be elevated above the inequalities of the course; and in the last, would, in all probability, be comfortably lodged in the hazard ahead.

SPOONS.—Spoons derive their very suggestive name from the great slope in the face of the club head, which gives them the power of skying the ball to almost any height, being the same property, only in a much greater degree, which is the characteristic of the grassed driver. They are most useful fellows, doing much of the sapper and miner work of the game, are four in number, and, as their names impart, are of various lengths, viz.:—

LONG SPOON;
MIDDLE SPOON;
SHORT SPOON;
and BAFFING SPOON;

which last is also the least of all.

The long and middle spoons are often pressed into doing duty for a grassed driver, from their ability to "loft" the ball; but besides this, from their tougher build, they are admirably fitted to jerk it out of a grassy rut—or a yielding whin—or, indeed, out of the thousand and one bad *lies* which the best directed stroke will get into, and which would very likely shiver the more slender shaft of the grassed play-club. The short spoon, besides assisting in the rougher work of its elder brethren, is used for those beautiful and difficult half strokes on to the putting green over a hazard, when the ball lies sufficiently clear for the stroke. The Baffing Spoon, although the smallest in stature, is by no means the least in usefulness of this family, Why it is called by either this soubriquet, or by its other title "the cutty," we leave speculative readers to determine; although its more common appellation "baffing" is most probably descriptive of the *thump* produced in making the stroke. It is employed only for skying a ball over a hazard on to the putting ground, when the stroke is too short for any of the other spoons. As will be seen, in an after chapter, on Points of the Game, the Iron (a club we have not yet come to describe) is employed by many players for effecting the same stroke, thus superseding the use of this spoon altogether.

Before quitting the subject of spoons, we shall notice an

antiquated connection of the family, now seldom to be met with, unless as a supernumerary in the pack of an oldster. It is called a NIBLICK; has a tough yet effective driving shaft; and an exceedingly small head well-spooned back. Its use is, or rather *was*, to drive a ball out of a rut or cap large enough to admit the "diminished head" —and very effective strokes we have seen made with it. But it is exceedingly difficult to play with; and the precise *lie* it is intended for so seldom occurs, that even an experienced hand is rather nervous at using it, the chances being in favour of a total miss. Besides, either a spoon or an iron answers the same purpose well enough.

IRONS.—Irons, so named from their heads being formed from that metal, are obviously intended to achieve the roughest of the golfing in trying ground. They are three in number—the bunker iron; the driving iron; and the cleek or click. The first of these clubs is especially at home in a bunker—in a thickset whin—amongst the stones of a road—or, in fact, in any scrape where a wooden-headed tool would be useless. Its iron head cleaves through every obstacle, and jerks the ball out of grief where every other club would fail. The driving-iron nearly resembles him of the bunker, in everything but weight; it is used amongst difficulties also, but only when the ball is intended to be, and admits of being, sent some

distance. There are also finer uses to which this club is occasionally put; which, however, will be more fittingly treated of in our Chapter on Points of the Game. The cleek or click, deriving its name either from an old Scotch word signifying "hook," or from the sharp clicking sound produced in making the stroke, is also an iron club, but lighter than either of the others. It is used chiefly for driving the ball out of rough ground when elevation is not so much an object, and when no impediments surround and obstruct the *lie* which would demand an heavier club. Sometimes again, it takes the sterner duties of the iron off its shoulders, and drives the ball out of a desperate hazard, when it happens to lie favourably for the stroke.

PUTTERS.—Our last genus is that of putters, the most important clubs perhaps in the set, but concerning which little may be said in this chapter. They are two in number: the green-putter and the driving-putter. The first is used on the putting-green, when the player is near enough to calculate with some certainty on the resistance of the grass, the length of the stroke, and the lie of the ground he intends his ball to pass over. Sometimes an iron-headed putter is used for the short game, instead of the more common kind; but, as will be readily seen, when we come to describe its nature, does not prove at all a desirable substitute. Driving-putters are most frequently

used in the place of short or baffing spoons, to drive the ball up to the putting-green, when no hazard or awkward inequality of ground intervenes to prevent the roll of the ball. They are also used occasionally in very boisterous weather to drive a ball in the wind's eye over safe ground, and often answer this somewhat illegitimate use, even better than a play club.

We have now gone through a complete set of clubs, and have classed and distinguished them by their different uses. There are many players who carry particular clubs in duplicate, and others who have some fashioned with slight deviations from the usual make; but these peculiarities do not, of course, affect in any wise our classification.

The few remarks we have to make on the subject of balls will come more appositely in another part of this work.

GOLFING MANNERINGS.

Regarding the practice of no other sport, perhaps on the face of the earth, is there so much difference of opinion as in that of Golf. The confusion and multiplicity of styles that prevail amongst players are proof enough of this; each no doubt thinking his own, not only the more correct, but by far the superior, way of manipulating. The

same independence of opinion is observable in their selection of clubs. One prefers a certain stiffness of shaft—considers heavy heads decidedly the thing—swears by short tools—and looks down on his neighbour as a "Giaour" to the true Golfing creed, because, it may happen, he is diametrically opposed to one and all of these views. Were it not that Golfers are in a manner at the mercy of club-makers, we doubt not that the profession of these gentlemen would be as fluctuating a business as that of a fashionable milliner. This being the case, the question naturally arises, whether the art of Golf may not be equally well acquired in a variety of ways? We answer, by no means. We never yet saw really good scientific players differ materially in style; and those Golfers who are conspicuous for mannerisms, are in fact authors of some new system of play followed only by themselves; and rarely do such ever become stars even of the lesser magnitude in the Golfing firmament.

We account for this want of unanimity in the general practice of the game by the careless way in which almost invariably beginners set out to acquire their rudiments. The novice having purchased unto himself some clubs and a brace of balls, commenceth his golfing career, as a rule, with another beginner for his adversary. In fact he rather shies the ordeal of making his *debut* in the awe-inspiring

company of an old hand. Away then, the two aspirants to golfing laurels blunder, in the most awful style, over the turf;—hacking and tearing as fancy dictates. This goes on day after day. They seldom receive proper instruction from the "professionals" who carry their clubs, who know full well how hard and thankless a task it is to impart even the first maxims of the science, in the brief period of their services. Consequently the verbal law occasionally promulgated by these club-carrying satellites for the benefit of their respective masters, is generally couched in the following edifying though perhaps ambiguous strain:—"Noo, sir, just tak' yer play-club, an' pit plenty o' strength intil't;" or "Ye'd jest better tak yer iron, ye can drive graun' wi' it, an' he's playin' twa mair;" and so on; whilst shortcomings in the putting only elicit the palliating remarks from the philosophic caddie, "just wants legs to be in;" "owre muckle poother, but awfu' straucht, raaly a gran' direction." Should the novice, however, make a chance approximation to a good stroke, Irish hyberbole vanishes into common-place compared with the gratulations it is hailed with on the golfing links: "There she wanders," cries the delighted bearer of clubs, "a bonnie lick as ever was played; ye did it that time, sir." Now, considering this only happens once a round the laudations are excusable; but it may be reasonably

doubted whether this running fire of commendation and advice, whatever effect it may have on the fate of the match in hand, will ever make the tyro a player in the true sense of the word. In course of time, our hero begins to hit his ball more frequently than the turf; and forthwith lays the flattering unction to his soul that he is now out of training; marvels at the expeditious manner in which he has taught himself the art; and, as he views the lengthening couples of experimental golfers blundering away, thinks complacently that he bids fair to be one of the "fliers of his year."

Now this sketch is not over-drawn, or true only of the few; nor can it be fairly wondered at when we reflect that there have been at no time any written details of the practice of the game; no golfing dicta, saying, this shalt thou do, that thou mayest not; nor even a salutary injunction in the lack of positive information, that the tyro should commence his golfing studies under a master of the art. If, in this treatise, we so delineate the game as to give the uninitiated an idea of its true nature, of its difficulties, and of its capabilities of affording scientific amusement; and if we convince such readers that they ought to begun the pastime either with a little theory in their heads, or under the eye of a veteran, *then* do we hope and believe that a new era in the history of golf will dawn.

The peculiarities in the make of clubs, adverted to in the preamble to this chapter as being delighted in by players, owe their origin to the careless acquisition of style we have just deprecated. Both these impediments to an unanimous system in the practice of the game could be easily overcome; but another difficulty arises of a very different character, and which threatens the attempt to sketch out a theory with a complete defeat. Were Golfing confined entirely to active, lithe persons, with limbs untrammelled by flesh, and their muscular system never fettered by bodily ailments, then indeed it were no difficult matter to lay down a code of Golfing laws and maxims for the guidance of such "a glorious company." But this is not exactly the case: the craftsmen of the Links are a more motley body, It is the blessed characteristic of the game that old and young, the healthy and the weak, the rotund and the spare, all may, and all do, share its invigorating influences. Now it is perfectly obvious that the invalid, his limbs cramped and attenuated by the couch of illness, cannot use his club with the same freedom as his healthier neighbour; nor is it convenient, albeit it may border on the impossible, that a Golfer whose *personale* resembles that assigned by popular superstition to the civic dignitaries of London, should sweep his club round his shoulder with the same far-

circling swing as his lither opponent. These differences must, to a certain extent, necessitate a variety in style, which, being compelled by natural causes, no system can wholly overcome. But we assert that *this variety is merely a difference in degree and not in kind;* that is to say, that the same directions are to be followed, the same dicta observed, in the acquisition of style in Golfing by each and all, *as far as their bodily organisation will allow.* In order to make this clearer to our readers, we shall refer players in all to two great classes—first, Golfer's Agile ; and second, Golfer's Non-agile ; terms which shall denote the natural differences we have been commenting on as existing amongst votaries of the sport.

When any points of separate or peculiar interest to one of these classes occur, we shall give special information concerning such; but the reader will bear in mind, that in general we shall treat our subject, whether it be the clubs to be used, the manner of wielding them, or a consideration of points of the game, in a broad manner which shall cause our remarks to be applicable to, and appliable by, all players.

One other point we have to comment on before closing this preliminary and somewhat discursive chapter, which is, that difference of stature affects neither a choice of clubs nor style of play. The same qualities ought to exist

in the tools irrespective of length; and the same principles are involved in the manner they should be used.

CHOICE OF CLUBS.

The selection of clubs is a very important step, more especially for the beginner to take; as in the latter case, the tools the novice chooses and plays with for the first time must inevitably influence his after game. We shall, therefore, take the clubs *seriatim* in this chapter, and explain, in each case, what constitutes a good *stick*, by describing the requisite qualities; giving some advice *negatively*, by showing, *inter alia*, the bad effects arising from the adoption of clubs other than those we shall recommend.

DRIVERS.—The shaft of the play club should taper well towards the head; if the wood be properly seasoned this thinness will not impair its strength. Thus a powerful spring is obtained in the lower end, just above the whipping, whilst the upper part of the shaft remains stiff. This is the true driving shaft, and none other. If a spring is allowed to creep into a shaft all the way up, the head from its great comparative weight, must twist about when the club is rapidly brought down for the stroke; and the chances are, in such a case, that the ball is hit

obliquely and driven in an erratic manner off the course. Again, a perfectly stiff shaft possesses little driving power. It is a favourite vanity of some Golfers to cultivate an arched back to their driving shaft, so that it has the appearance of being weighed down by the head. This is a grand mistake; for in making the swing, the head is certain to be influenced by this crook, and is very liable to come down obliquely, as in the case of a supple handle. If this bend is meant to flatten the *lie* of the club, the same result could be obtained at the club-maker's, without the necessity of spoiling the shaft.

The head of the play club should neither be very deep in the face nor too broad across the back. It is very common to see clubs with the first peculiarity: many indeed, firmly believe it the easiest, and assuredly the safest, club to drive with. Undoubtedly the tyro will *at first* hit his ball more certainly with a head of this description; just as at Billiards a muff can effect strokes with a mace which he would likely miss altogether were he to use the tapering cue; yet no one, in the latter case, will ever assert that he can become a good player with such an instrument. In order to strike a ball with a deep-faced play club, so as to raise it a little in the air, (the only safe way to drive,) the performer must of necessity *baff* the stroke, as it is descriptively called; that

is to say, must force his club-head so close to the ground that the momentum acquired by the swing is checked and greatly lessened; whereas a thin faced head, better adapted to catch the ball *below* the centre, skies it without the same danger of hitting the turf heavily in the process. Thus we prefer a thin face for scientific driving. Then if the head be over broad-backed, the Golfer loses the chance of many a full swipe out of rutty ground, or from off the declivity of a hillock, and must have recourse to his grassed driver or his spoons.

The weight of a play-club, and, indeed, of any driving club, should depend entirely on the nature of the shaft, being heavy or light in proportion to its stiffness or flexibility. As a maxim, however, the Golfer Agile should not use much lead; it imparts little additional impetus to a ball when hit cleanly with a correctly executed swing, and is apt, moreover, to strain the shaft, and destroy the accuracy of his aim.

Regarding the lie of a club intended for effecting distance, whether it should be flat or upright, little can be said which would determine a choice in every case, as it altogether depends on the stature of a player, and consequently on the length of his club; the rule being, the longer the club, the flatter the lie. As will appear in our

after remarks on style, a rather flat-headed play-club is preferable for long driving.

Finally, and this caution applies to almost every tool in the set, the leather grasp on the shaft should not be thick, but raised very little above the wood. Thus a wonderful command is obtained over the club, which is in a manner lost when the golfer has to compass an unwieldy bundle of *rind*, more resembling in shape the handle of a cricket-bat than of a slim and graceful play-club.

The grassed driver differs but little in make from the play-club. Its head should be somewhat heavier, and the shaft stouter in proportion than in the case of the other; and the face deeper, else in the soft grass, which is the peculiar province of this club, the head is apt to pass under the ball altogether.

These are the general qualities which ought to characterize this important class of clubs. We shall now require to make some remarks on those in general use amongst Golfers Non-agile.

To judge from their usual turn-out, gentlemen of this class do not at all assent to the view we have taken of driving clubs. Their play-clubs in general are remarkable for very long shafts, which are either very stiff, or—no *juste milieu*—very supple; in fact, as the golfing vulgate hath it, "perfect *tangles*;" and, independence being the

mode, the head is invariably large and ponderous. We never could satisfactorily account for this perversity of choice, putting sheer whimsicality out of the question; and we shrewdly suspect that the proprietors themselves of those gigantic tools could give no sufficing reason why they used them at all, except perhaps that they consider them as supplying the force their style of play is minus of. We have, in speculative moments, been inclined to attribute it all to the club-makers themselves; and have (perhaps unjustly), likened their sales unto the manner a smart linen draper does business, when an antiquity comes in "from the country" to invest in the fashions, and is talked into the triumphant possession of unsaleable enormities. Now, supposing this guess to be correct, we do not blame the club-makers; for, independently of exhibiting every desire to please their customer, they always aim at turning out good "sticks;" and, indeed, it is no object for them to keep any other. *They* know, however, better than anybody, the eccentric tastes of Golfers Non-agile; and when such a customer presents himself for a driver, the presiding genius of the club-emporium instantly "takes his measure," and produces accordingly some amazing tools with the peculiarities aforesaid. Our Golfer, who of course is keen for the game, flourishes the recommended weapon scientifically in the air; looks critically at the shaft; ventures

an objection for the appearance of the thing which, of a certainty, is instantly over-ruled by the vendor; and, rather inclined into the belief, from his enthusiastic faith in everybody and everything connected with his favourite pastime, that it is "just the fit" the manufacturer asserts it to be, forthwith completes the transfer by adding it to his set, and in due time, has to *invent* a new style of play to suit his purchase.

If there *must* be a difference in the clubs appertaining unto Golfers Non-agile, a necessity which, however, we by no means admit, let it be simply a difference of degree. Let their play-clubs be a little heavier, if they will, than those recommended to our other class of Golfers, but in such case let the shafts be made of corresponding stoutness to counteract the twisting influence of the extra lead. Their driving clubs may be also grassed more than is customary, to ensure elevation to a stroke, when little velocity is acquired in consequence of an imperfect swing. Thus the functions of play-club and grassed driver will be in a manner merged; and in the practice of many players of this class, we find such to be the case. As for the apparent necessity of having extra sized clubs, the idea is unreasonable and totally useless in practice.

We have made those strictures on the predilections of Golfers Non-agile, with special reference to driving-clubs,

as a moment's reflection will show that none other of the set are capable of, or are, indeed, ever subjected to, material alteration of any kind. Spoons are necessarily, from their application, tough heavy tools; and nothing would be gained in any instance by departing in the slightest from their established make; on the contrary their peculiar usefulness would be materially affected. The irons are obviously of an unchangeable character, and so simple in form, that it would puzzle the most theorizing enthusiast to invent another, or at all events, a better mould. Lastly, on the putting green, all players are on the same footing in respect of clubs; strength and a lithe organization are no longer of superior avail, and thus the same tools are common to all. Our succeeding remarks in this chapter will be considered, therefore, as applicable to the case of every player.

Spoons.—Long spoons are not unlike the grassed driver in their general appearance. They are, however, more stoutly made; the shaft rather shorter and not tapering so finely; and the head larger and heavier. The stiffer and tougher the shaft is, the better it is adapted for *jerking* a ball out of bad ground (a favourite use of the long spoon which will be afterwards duly explained), without fear of being snapped in the process. The spoon or slope in the face of the head should be greater than that of the grassed

driver, as elevation of the ball is of primary importance in a spoon shot.

The same remarks we have made on the lie of a play-club are applicable to the long spoon, the style of play being, as will afterwards appear, nearly identical in the use of both.

Middle, short, and baffing spoons should have even broader heads than their elder brother; and a little additional lead is not objectionable, care being taken that no spring is allowed in consequence to influence the shaft, especially in the case of the last two. The lie of these spoons should be rather upright, as the player, on account of their stunted size, has necessarily to stand much closer to his ball than usual. The slope of the face of these clubs should be in the same degree from point to heel; thus the ball, even if not struck exactly with the centre, will receive the benefit of the spoon all the same, and will be sent in the right direction.

There are no further peculiarities which demand special notice in the spoon family.

IRONS.—The shafts only of iron clubs, as may be inferred from their name, are made by the club-makers, the heads being fashioned by the blacksmith. We may remark here that this latter artizan, if he be at all an expert hand, will copy an approved iron-head very closely, and thus

exactly fulfil the taste of the player who has found a model which suits him. The shafts of the bunker and driving-irons should be tough, with little or no taper in them, spring being anything but a desirable quality. The head should be deep in the face, more so at the point than the heel, as the former is the more powerful hitting part; it should also be well spooned, curving a little in the centre. For reasons which will appear in our Chapter on Style, we prefer the head of the iron not to be much rounded at the heel. Golfers generally like the lie of their heavy iron to be upright, as in a number of cases they have to stand over, or very close to, their ball—situations which would render a flat lie peculiarly inefficient.

Some bunker irons of the old make are round bottomed, the idea being that they could thus cut better into a small cup or rut; but for general work such a tool is dangerous, the chances being that the ball is not hit exactly with the centre of the head, in which case it must inevitably be topped by the point or heel passing over it, and either burying it deeper than ever in the ground or effecting its extrication at the price of a severe cut. Besides, we shall show in our Chapter on Style how the ordinary level bottomed iron may be used to eject a ball from a rut or deep cut with quite as much precision as the antiquated "round-head."

The driving-iron resembles the bunker tool in its deep face, but it is a lighter club; and being used to drive the ball out of grief some distance, should be rather flat in its lie. The slope of its face should be but little curved, so that hits off the point may be effective and straight.

The cleek again is still more lightly shafted, and, perhaps, should be a little longer than either of the other two irons, as it is frequently the only club to be depended on in making a drive out of a hazard or broken ground. The head should be very little sloped back, and without a curve from heel to point; if too much spooned it is apt to sky the ball overmuch when distance is wanted, and if curved the hitting is rendered timid and uncertain. The lie of the cleek is decidedly flat; the more so if the shaft is prolonged for driving, according to the maxim before stated. If an extra cleek, of ordinary iron length, is kept to go through the rougher work allotted to this club, a little spring may be allowed to a long driving cleek, although the less the better when used among "sticks and stones."

PUTTERS.—We now come to a consideration of the best card in the pack, the pet weakness of the true golfer, his putter; and nothing is more difficult than to define positively what a good putter is. This hesitation is not to be wondered at, when we reflect on the strange contortions

which, under cloak of the name of "putters," figure as such on the scientific green. Some, like drawing-room monstrosities of green china, appear only valuable for their surpassing ugliness; some have a strange affinity to the gnarled root of a primeval tree; some are certainly heirlooms of a century's respectability; whilst others are alone their own parallel totally unlike as they are to any existing thing in this earth beneath, and, for ought we know to the contrary, in the waters under the earth. All of them, however, have a peculiar excellence inherent in, and inseparable from, their ugliness aforesaid—some redeeming quality which retains them, not as pensioners, but as efficient soldiers, on the player's staff; and not a few of their number are archived in the legendary charter-house of golfing tradition by the memory of some wonderful stroke. When, indeed, a peculiarly rugged and disreputable putter makes its appearance on the turf, we instantly have a strong impression, almost amounting to certainty, that "thereby hangs a tale;" and before two or three holes are accomplished, a successful "*steal*" generally gives the fortunate proprietor an opportunity of demonstrating by an incredible narration that our presentiment was prophetically correct.

There are, nevertheless, certain qualities which reflection shows, and general consent evidences, to be the

requisites of a good tool. For the short game, properly so called, we would recommend a slim, tapering, but perfectly stiff, shaft; no spring should vitiate, no flexibility give the lie to, the player's nice calculation. The curving back we deprecated in the case of driving-shafts, we strenuously advocate in the putter; the grasp of the handle in close putting should be light and free from nervous influence, and as this class of clubs is made exceedingly upright, this delicate manipulation can only be accomplished without disturbing the lie of the head, by having the shaft well crooked. It will then come naturally, so to speak, into the hand without the golfer's influence over the club being affected in the slightest.

The putter head we prefer to be narrower than the common make authorises, for then a number of strokes on a rutty putting green may be played which would be impracticable were the head broad. In the face it should be deep and perfectly perpendicular—that is to say, at right angles with the turf when laid flat on it, and without the slightest curve from heel to point; it ought also to be well loaded with lead to avoid the necessity of exerting over much wrist-power, which might destroy and render uncertain the player's calculation.

Some golfers affect an iron green putter, fashioned much in the same way as any of the iron clubs, but having the

face, as in the case of a wooden tool, perfectly upright and without a curve. We most decidedly counsel against their use; they are most dangerous inventions to play with, being liable to catch in the grass or soft soil, and have no counterbalancing merit.

The driving putter is a longer club, should be toughly shafted, and flatter in the lie than the others of this class. In other respects the two putters sufficiently resemble each other as to preclude the necessity of separate detail.

We shall close this chapter with some remarks, which may be found useful, on the woods employed in club making.

The timber best adapted for driving shafts of all descriptions is red hickory. This wood is peculiarly tough, yet at the same time possesses a powerful spring without the drawback of too great flexibility; qualities which give it an infinite superiority over ash, which is generally too supple, and not nearly so strong as hickory. Putters require a different kind of wood for shafting; and a very hard and close grained foreign wood, called by club makers "green-heart," is used for the purpose. It is very inflexible and admirably fitted for those clubs. Sometimes again lancewood is used for putting shafts, and even for the handles of driving clubs; in the latter case it is very apt

to splinter, and can never be used to jerk a ball, nor indeed ever be depended on in trying ground.

The woods used for club heads are apple-tree, thorn, beech, and others of the toughest nature. The first two we have mentioned are, however, by far the most preferable being exceedingly tough and capable of resisting the hardest usage without splitting. Beech is more commonly used perhaps, in the manufacture of club-heads, than any other timber whatever; not so much on account of its superior qualities, but from the scarcity of the other woods we have mentioned as suited for this purpose.

A full sized play club shaft, according to the maker's standard, is about forty-one inches; and a putter, thirty-six inches in length. With these data, and bearing in mind the relative distinctions we have shown between the various clubs, the novice can easily approximate lengths to the rest of the set.

ON STYLE OF PLAY.

Our previous chapters have been merely preliminary to the exposition of the art of Golfing—dealing only with the accessories and means employed in carrying out its principles, which we shall now treat of under the general heading of style.

In the practice of Golf as in Billiards, a good style or mode of playing is almost everything. How often do we see the beginner blundering away by himself at both these amusements without chart or compass—day after day repeating and confirming his errors, so as almost certainly to preclude the possibility for the future of his ever becoming a player. Again (but how seldom this!), we see a muff getting his first lessons from an M.A. of the sport, handling his club with the *aplomb* of the redoubtable "Allan" himself—and in a few weeks completely distancing a beginner of our other sort of two or three years standing. Most earnestly do we desire, in this preamble to our dissertation on style, to impress the fact on the uninitiated reader, that mere animal strength never yet made a Golfer; that *knack*, as science is cantly phrased, and not force alone sends the reeling ball on its lengthening flight —extricates it from the tufted grass or thickest whin— and directs its devious but unerring course over the undulating putting green to the goal; and that the weakest arm, nerved with a knowledge of the art, is more than a match for thews and sinews, however stalwart, minus the first principles of the gentle craft.

As a familiar illustration (just as the philosopher learned swimming from the motions of a frog) we ask the novice to look at, and reflect on the style of play exhibited

by little ragged urchins (those Arabs of the Links), who, their tiny arms of some six or seven years growth, with stunted abortions of clubs which might have been Heaven knows what in their palmy days, execute the most miraculous strokes. Watch the astonishing ease and skill which grace every movement, and no doubt will be afterwards entertained, but that Golfing is an art, wholly an art, and nothing but an art. Again, if a further analysis be necessary, let our tyro examine the styles affected by players of maturer years, who, from a careless acquisition of their first rudiments, or from natural causes, rely on main strength, peculiarly shaped clubs, and a gracious Providence, for any success that may attend them. He will find that their style of play is made up of segments of parabolic curves—angular sweeps—horizontal, perpendicular, and erratically curving strokes—exciting from their very incongruity some reasonable doubts as to their efficaciousness. Attentively considering the results obtained by these extravagances, our novice will find that they are experimental failures, and that they are not so easily accomplished as the simple style of play we shall shortly set forth. Again, therefore, we assert in reference to the use of the clubs by non-agiles, what we laid down before in treating of the clubs themselves—that no difference in kind is necessitated by the division of Golfers into

two great classes, contra-distinguished as players agile and non-agile. There may be a slight difference of *degree;* for instance, in the length of the swing or the rapidity of its execution; but these are so perfectly obvious as to require no special comment. Therefore, we premise that our remarks in this chapter must be held as applicable to both classes of players.

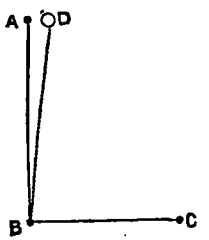
Driving.—Long driving, if it be not the most deadly, is certainly the most dashing and fascinating part of the game; and of all others the principal difficulty of the Golfer to acquire, and his chief delight when he can manage it. We trust, therefore, that our succeeding hints will be closely considered and followed by the beginner; as in such event he may rely upon being soon able to send the ball on its soaring flight with certainty and ease.

Our remarks on driving as applicable to the use of the play-club, the grassed driver, and to the long and middle spoons, may be divided into three parts; viz.:—

1. Position;
2. Grasp of Club; and
3. Swing.

(1) The player should take up his position strictly in the following manner:—His feet should be moderately apart, but not so much so as to compel him to stand on tiptoe with his left foot when swinging the club; to obvi-

ate this difficulty effectually the left foot should be turned slightly inwards, thus imparting a firmness to the position; and the ball should be nearly opposite the left foot at a distance proportionate to the length of the club used, a good medium being from two and a half to three feet. It is better to err in standing too far from, than too near to, the ball, as a greater freedom of sweep may be indulged in. The true relative position of the player to his ball will be best illustrated by a slight diagram—thus ·



Let the points B and C represent the position of the feet, and let A B be at right angles to B C; then the point D is the true relative position of the ball to the Golfer, nearly opposite his left foot B.

The advantages of this posture will be demonstrated when we come to the swing.

The muscles of the shoulders, arms, and legs should be allowed to play loosely before being knitted in the sweep of the club, and the knees should be relaxed and slightly bent.

(2.) A correct manner of holding the club is of the last importance for a scientific style, and is most difficult to inculcate. The accomplished Golfer depends quite as much on the flexibility of his wrist as the sweep of his arm; both, indeed; being essential for long driving. It, therefore, follows that the club ought to be so held as to allow the free play of the wrists without effort. The practical result will be found to be that the left hand must impart the motive power, the right hand direct it. The club, therefore, should be grasped firmly by the top in the left hand, thumb upwards, and the back of hand to the stroke, and laid across, taking care that the club-head lies with its natural slant on the grass, since, this hand keeping it from the slightest variation during the stroke, the club returns to the ball in the downward sweep exactly in the same position as when it was grasped. There is but little difficulty about the management of the club with this hand.

The right, which directs the club, and applies the force given by the left hand, takes hold of the shaft very loosely close to the upper hand and nails upwards, so that the club handle lies along the middle joints of the fingers with the thumb laid gently across, but no pressing the shaft. Let the Golfer, having his club grasped strictly in this manner, then try an experimental swing, allowing the shaft to play loosely through the right hand, acquiring its notion

principally from the left, and he will find that the club is permitted full latitude of sweep without any strain on his wrists; that he has complete power over its movements; and that the club-head does not, in returning to the ground after the swing, alter its position.

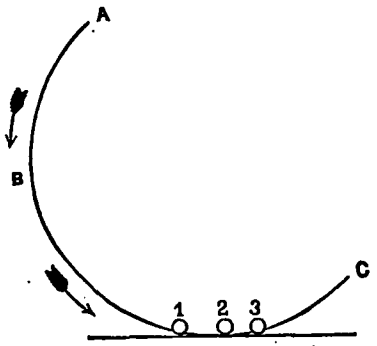
That he may thoroughly understand the advantage of this mode of grasping his driver, let the novice hold it tightly with both hands (a very common error indeed), and then try a swing; his wrists will be strained; and the club-head will return to meet the ball as fate directs, as he will be compelled in the swing to relax his right hand and allow it to accommodate itself to the motion of the club. Again, let him lay his thumbs *along* the shaft, and he will find his swing awkward, uneven, and consequently powerless. These difficulties are all of them obviated by adopting the style we have above recommended.

(3) So far the path has been smoothed for the scientific swing, which marks the Golfer's attainments in the art as surely as demivolte and caracole in the tourney used to establish the equestrian fame of the chevalier "*sans peur et sans reproche.*"

The Golfer having placed himself in proper position, and having got his driver correctly in rest, proceeds to take the aim at the ball preliminary to the swing. This

is accomplished by one or two gentle oscillations of the club to and fro, off the wrist only, to ascertain the exact lie of the ball, and get the hands in working order. Sometimes these oscillations are performed over the ball, sometimes behind and on a level with it; the latter mode we prefer. Taking aim will be learnt in a single minute from seeing a crack player going through the preliminary flourish, but cannot be very lucidly explained here; we may remark, however, that some Golfers overdo it altogether, aiming for minutes consecutively before sweeping for the stroke, a custom neither useful nor ornamental.

The perfection of a driving swing lies in its approximation to three-fourths of the circumference of a circle, the same circuit being performed by the club in its upward motion as in its descent. This latter point is an advantage easily appreciated without practical experiment, as it is sufficiently obvious that in the double movement of a sweep, where the motion is continuous, the club is brought down in a circular direction more naturally when it has been swung upwards immediately previous in the same way, than if the club had been raised in an abrupt diagonal or other irregular manner. Again, that a circular is the best descending course for the club, when combined with the position we have before inculcated, will immediately appear from a consideration of this diagram:



Let A B C represent the circular course taken by the downward sweep of the driving club; and let 1 be a ball placed opposite the right foot of the player; 2 another placed equidistant from each foot, and 3 a ball placed nearly opposite the left foot, as we have advised in our remarks on position. Then it will appear that No. 1 will be struck before the club has acquired the full momentum of the swing, and will besides either be topped and buried in the turf, or driven feebly, the grass being cut in the process. Ball No. 2 will be hit somewhat better, but still not cleanly, and receiving no elevating impetus, will be driven low along the course. This position, we may remark, is a favourite one among Golfers Non-agile, and necessitates the frequent use of the grassed driver we have already commented on, that the ball may be lofted in the stroke. But ball No. 3 will be struck by the club when

beginning to ascend, and consequently at the instant of its having acquired its greatest momentum; this ball therefore receives not only a powerful blow, but also from the club face turning slightly upwards, receives an ascending motion, without the slightest danger of the turf being lacerated in the process.

Having demonstrated thus far the advantages of this swing, we shall now show how it is to be accomplished.

The arms should be held loosely, out from the body, and slightly squared. The legs and the body generally should follow, as it were, the club; that is to say, should yield gently to its motion. The left foot especially should not be fixed immoveably on the turf, but should lift slightly to the swing, so as not to strain the leg. The eye, from the moment of taking aim till the stroke is accomplished, should never be taken off the ball. This last point is the chief maxim in golfing. Let the eye wander never so slightly during the swing, and down comes the erring club aimless on the turf, or in some equally false direction.

The club is then swung in a wide circle back from the ball and round the shoulder as far as the left arm can stretch, without, however, causing the shaft to touch the back. This upward stroke must be done in a deliberate manner. Then, without the slightest check in the swing,

the club must be returned with increasing velocity in its downward circuit, the *palm* of the right hand pressing the handle to accelerate the motion. Care should be taken not to diminish the rapidity of the swing on striking the ball; at first, indeed, the right hand should relinquish its grasp of the club rather than check the force of the stroke.

Struck in this manner a ball must receive the greatest momentum, with ease and certainty to the player. We would again impress upon the beginner the great importance of a correctly executed swing. This once acquired, golfing becomes truly delightful; for as we said before, long driving is the fascinating part of the game. At first, the novice may practise the swing without a ball, by aiming at a particular spot on the turf; the sharp *chirrup* of the grass will at once tell the accuracy of his stroke; and thus his wrist will be rendered flexible and strong, whilst a correct style will be more rapidly acquired.

The grassed driver, long, and middle spoons, as before stated, being used for effecting considerable distance, are played with much in the same style. If less distance be required in handling any of these tools than could be accomplished by the same club if necessary, it is swung in either of two ways; with a full swing of diminished velocity, or with a quick half sweep which is performed almost entirely off the wrist. These uses will come quite

naturally to the beginner, after a very short practical experience.

Although it is very desirable to strike the ball cleanly for any stroke, and with any club, still it may happen that the lie of the ball will not allow such a correct style of stroke. It very often occurs that a ball gets hidden or partially imbedded in heather, a tuft of grass, a yielding rut, cup, or young whin — situations of distress which would intercept and destroy the swing of a regular driving, swipe, and very probably splinter the shaft. These predicaments have occasioned a certain style of play, technically called "Jerking." This can only be done with tough-shafted clubs, such as the grassed driver, long or middle spoons. A jerking stroke is managed by *hitting* the *obstacle* as close *behind* the ball as possible, and well below its centre, with a quick half swing, a good deal off the wrist. The player must allow his stroke to be stopped immediately on striking the intercepting grass, whin, or whatever obstacle it may be; should he attempt to make his club follow through it, as on open ground, the probable consequence would be that the shaft would be shivered, while no additional impetus is given to the ball. This jerking game is exceedingly effective when swiping in the wind's eye, but must only be attempted with a strong and rather heavy headed tool. Some Golfers jerk every

stroke through the green, indifferent whether their ball lies in a cup or on a beautiful *plateau;* but we need scarcely say that such a system is quite illegitimate, and very destructive to the green.

We shall now consider the style of handling those remaining clubs of the set which not being primarily intended for long distances, are not wielded with a driving swing.

The short spoon is played a great deal off the wrist, with a quick half or three quarter swing, and is so nearly allied in its uses to the middle spoon that we need not further particularize. The swing of the baffing spoon, however, differs still more materially from what we have described as adapted for driving, a difference resulting from the peculiar province of this club, viz., to sky a ball without causing it to go any distance. The Golfer must, on account of its shortness, stoop considerably to the stroke, which is done by a short, quick, half sweep entirely off the wrist. The ball must not be hit clean; the club-head, on the contrary, must hit or *baff* the ground immediately behind the ball, thus causing elevation without any fear of distance. If the player take up his position properly the grass is not injured by a baffing stroke, being struck with the flat of the head, not with the bone.

Irons are not quite the unscientific tools they are sup-

posed to be by those who do daily detriment to the course with them; with regard to *their* uses also, we repeat that skill is of far more avail than strength; in fact the latter quality is only specially useful in a peculiarly obdurate whin or in the bottomless pit of a bunker. In these two predicaments the heavy iron must be used unavoidably in manner of a pick-axe; the mere extrication of the ball, and not distance, being the object in view. This iron in such cases is grasped firmly with both hands, swung diagonally upwards, and brought down *straight* in the same direction, *heel first,* close behind the ball, but not touching it. This kind of stroke, especially in the elastic sand of a bunker, will make the ball fly up vertically in the air, and if neatly executed, will overcome abrupt faces, which otherwise would inevitably kill all chances of the hole. This jerking style of using the heavy iron, bringing it down heel first behind the ball, is also very useful when the ball chances to lie in a rut or small cup, where a spoon stroke could not extricate it.

The driving iron, when used for distance, is handled and swung exactly as a short spoon, with a quick half swing principally off the wrist. Some players shun the use of this iron in many cases where it would be specially useful, on the plea of its difficulty to play with; but it will be found that such Golfers have invariably a bad

style of using this tool, the general mistake being a *full swing*, which on account of the weight of the head and its sharp edge renders the hitting feeble and uncertain. When this iron is used in very rough ground, our remarks on the style of play with the heavy iron apply equally to it.

The cleek or click is ubiquitously useful, and for almost every kind of stroke. It is therefore difficult, and, indeed, almost unnecessary to detail the various modes in which it should be handled; it is enough to refer the reader to our previous remarks on this class of clubs. Before quitting the subject of irons, one circumstance is deserving of attention. If the player wish to decrease the ratio of elevation when using any one of the iron family, he has merely to stand with the ball towards his *right* foot rather than towards his left; a position which neutralizes the effect of the spoon in the face of the club. This, however, should only be attempted by the novice when the use of an iron, swung off the wrist, has become somewhat familiar to him, and when he can rely sufficiently on the steadiness of his play to experimentalize. The danger of such a stroke, as the reader will perceive from a consideration of our last diagram, arises from its jerking nature, which makes the iron head liable to catch in the turf. We would suggest deferentially, from our wish to preserve the golfing ground from unnecessary harm, that the beginner

wishing to acquire this peculiar use of the iron should do so when his ball is off the course.

PUTTING.—We now take the putter in hand,—the deadliest weapon in the gentle fray. On the putting green the position of the hands is the same as in driving, with this reservation, that the putter is grasped very delicately: the position of the ball with respect to the player is, on the contrary, entirely different. The Golfer should stand with his ball opposite the right foot, his knees well bent to suit the length of the shaft, the toes of his left foot turned out, and his weight resting on his side. His face, in this posture, being half turned towards the hole, he has, even in the act of striking, a view of the line of his put, and a certain facility is besides gained in the calculation of distance.

Putting should be done entirely off the wrist; the left hand merely holding the club and giving it the pendulum-like motion required—the right directing it. To put with the arms, as if they were part and parcel of the club (a style we have nevertheless heard eulogised and defended), is an awkward and faltering system. A putting stroke should be accomplished with a sharp, decided hit, not with a slovenly, hesitating shove. Beyond slightly pressing the ground behind the ball to ascertain its exact lie, there

should be no aim taken with the putter, as it is wholly unnecessary.

With respect to the driving putter, when used to drive up the quarter shot to the hole, the same remarks apply. The position may be strengthened when a good deal of impetus is required, by the Golfer standing to his ball placed equidistant from either foot. This lessens the chance of missing the ball or lacerating the turf which the additional force of the half swing might occasion were the ball opposite the right foot. When employed to drive against the wind, a use we noticed in a former chapter, the driving putter is used much in the same way as in sending a half stroke up the green.

These hints on the ways and means of handling a set of clubs are all that are required to put the novice on the right track to compass the mysteries of the art. Details and special points we have in general avoided as embarrassing to the initiated, and will treat of them in our next chapter, which, in the main, is supposed to be read after the beginner has had some little experience. In conclusion, we would reiterate, cultivate style—play correctly and boldly—if you do, success is certain.

POINTS OF THE GAME.

In order to enjoy the game with a relish unalloyed by

any incidental mishaps or vexation, the Golfer must attend to a number of little points in his Golfing accoutrements besides carefully selecting a set of clubs. For instance, the novice will find that he cannot get along very well in ordinary walking shoes or boots, that he is perpetually slipping down the glassy slopes, and has awkward tendencies to sommersalting as a finale to a vigorously played stroke. Then again he will soon find out that his hands, which he has unwittingly bared for action, unaccustomed to the friction of the club-shaft, begin to be troublesome; the skin gets ruffled and teased into little blisters, which provokingly enough compel him to forego the course for some days, and betake himself to the lesser pleasures of short holes.

Moreover, it may be, on a sultry day in August, when it is pouring down white heat, our beginner setteth forth with his full complement of apparel, strapped and buckled and collared and cravatted as for a horticultural promenade. Alas! the agonies he must endure before the battle's lost and won! Now all such petty annoyances, which are merely the natural consequences of inexperience, may be easily avoided. Let the novice invest in a pair of stout shoes (boots constrain the ankles too much), roughed with small nails or sprigs, and he will march comfortably and safely over the most slippery ground that can be turned

out by a meridian sun in the dog-days. Then to save his unaccustomed flesh from mortification, let him carefully preserve his white kid gloves, and republish them on the links. We prefer such a glove to any other, because it is exceeding soft, does not embarrass the hand, and keeps the club excellently well from slipping.

In the matter of dress, we can only give some negative advice. The old Scottish club-dress, specimens of which in various states of preservation, still "flout the pale blue sky" on medal days, is about the most uncomfortable garment the Golfer could indue, and furnishes an admirable antithesis to a comfortable rig. Not to say anything about the fashion in which these primæval vestments are commonly made, or their ponderous weight, the staring red colour alone is enough to give one a fever on a hot day. The original idea was to make the Golfer as conspicuous as possible, for the preservation of non-players; but it is wholly unnecessary, on the score of danger, to convert a Golfer into a sign post. Let the dress of the player be light and adapted for absorbing perspiration; let him eschew stiff-necked abominations, and have his apparel made loose; then only will he be prepared to do justice to himself and to the game.

Having disposed of these preliminary difficulties, let us set forth upon an experimental match. The first point is

that placing of the ball, preparatory to striking off, which is technically called *teeing*. This is done by taking a pinch of sand from the adjacent hole, placing it, with a pat to firm it, on the ground (taking care that the Golfer will not have to stand *below* the level of his ball), and finally poising the ball thereupon. We would caution the beginner against an excess of tee for two reasons; first, because it is apt to cause too great an elevation to the stroke; and, secondly, because the long driving through the rest of the hole must be done *without* a tee, thus making him diffident in his striking. A tee, generally speaking, should be used only when the wind is in the striker's favour; if, on the other hand, he is driving in the wind's eye, not only do we recommend him not to use a tee at all, but even to strike his first ball from off a gentle declivity. This last stroke we have seen performed systematically by only some two or three players; but they were masters of the art, and played those long skimming shots with the wind ahead, as easily as they could have elevated the ball from off a tee were the breeze in their favour.

By all means let the novice accustom himself to playing on a system, adapting his striking to the direction of the wind and the state of the ground. Regarding this latter point, if the ground be marshy or soaked with rain, the

swiping should have elevation, as the ball would not run were it played low; again, if the course be hardened by frost, the skimming shots tell better, and make longer running than if propelled high in the air.

To return to our match. We are now fairly started,—the tee stroke played, the ball well away, and, what is more important still, safe on the course. Away we go after it; softly and quietly, however, for let not the player excite himself bodily or mentally. Still there is a "*juste milieu*" in golf as in many things else, and we do not counsel tedious delay either in walking or making a stroke. There is a certain coolness and method required to play the game consistently and well.

The beginner will be very much puzzled for the first month or so of his novitiate to tell what particular club he should use in making a stroke where there seems to be a choice of instrument. On coming up, for instance, to play his second stroke, he sees, on taking an observation ahead, that a hazard looms rather dangerously in front, wherefore, albeit his ball lies well for a swipe, he inclineth to his long spoon; then, suddenly recollecting the existence of a grassed driver, he dismisses the long spoon and weighs the chances of his play-club before adopting the grassed driver aforesaid. Again, for example, his ball tumbles into a grass grown bunker, and the beginner debateth

within himself the possible risk attending an experimental use of his short spoon; wavering, he thinks the cleek a good medium between his spoon and an iron; but on feeling the lie of the ball his courage falters, and eventually he puts his trust in his bunker iron. The stubborn branch of a whin, too, severely tries his philosophy, by breaking the direct line of his advance; and he doubts whether to play back (which to his inexperience seems as bad as a retreat in actual warfare), or to drive his ball through fate and whins too.

Now all this hesitation is natural enough, and can only be overcome by a habit of cool calculation and reflection, backed by some theoretical knowledge, such as in this treatise we have attempted to give. Let it be the standing maxim of the novice, however, never to sacrifice the chance of making a brilliant stroke when a fair probability offers; such caution is not prudence but undue timidity, and will greatly retard his progress as one of the "fliers of his year."

In the course of his experience, again, he will see old hands putting up to the edge of formidable hazard, rather than risk playing across it; spooning a stroke gently on to a table of smooth turf, when a longer shot would probably land them in grief; and playing backwards and sidewards out of a hazard in preference to a "turn a-head." This is

the finesse of the game; and a consideration of these recurrences will temper any rashness our novice may be prone to; but will not, we trust, incline his play into the opposite extreme.

Respecting open swiping through the long green we have few remarks to offer, other than those already made in former pages. It may be, however, that the golfer finds some difficulty in keeping his ball on the course; that, stand as he will, play ever so coolly, one stroke shoots to the left, another to the right, in the most unaccountable fashion. He may safely conclude there is something rotten in the state of his play, Nothing happens more frequently, even to an experienced hand, than this wild driving, technically called, according to the direction of the stroke, "drawing," and "hitting off the heel." The first is the more serious evil, and consists in sending the ball in a curving orbit away to the left of the striker. A ball may be drawn by one or more of three causes; first, by not standing squarely to the ball; secondly, by twisting the head of the club inwards in making the stroke; or thirdly, by drawing the arms in towards the body in making the downward sweep, instead of allowing them to swing outwards in a natural manner after the club. The novice will easily discover to which of these three causes he is to attribute the tendency to draw his ball.

Hitting off the very heel of the club, which is the opposite fault, results generally from the player standing too far from his ball, thus causing him to indulge in a far wider swing than is actually needed, and is therefore easily amended. *Hanging* balls are very common through the long course, especially where the soil is earthy. These are caused by a little rise of the ground close behind the ball, from whatever cause—a mole-heap, tuft of fog, or inequality of surface. As a rule, hanging balls should be jerked; since it is nearly impossible, even with spoons, to hit cleanly, and at the same time ensure elevation.

The other points of the long game are sufficiently obvious, excepting perhaps a choice of tools when the ball is in trying ground, and even then the various names of the clubs are guide enough to show when they should be used. When he nears the putting green, however, the real difficulties of the golfer commence, and the game gets complicated in its details. The chief terror of the young player is the quarter stroke—most difficult but most beautiful of all others. The baffing-spoon is, as our readers will remember, the club specially fitted for this stroke; another, however, is used, and defended in the use, by many players in effecting this stroke. This club is the light iron; and it has certainly many points to recom-

mend it. The baffing-spoon, from its make, and the manner in which it is wielded, is an excessively puzzling club to use properly; and for sometime, it is impossible to calculate with anything like certainty, where and how far the ball is going. The iron, on the other hand, not striking the earth at all, and swung short off the wrist without stooping, may be depended on as affording great accuracy in the calculation of distance, if the striker does happen to hit the ball cleanly. Here is the trouble; should the iron catch ever so slightly in the turf—a contingency very likely to happen when a quick wrist-turn is required—the ball is sent hopping into the very hazard intended to be cleared.

Nevertheless, this light iron, although dangerous at the distance of a quarter stroke, is most useful for negotiating a bunker or other hazard, when the ball is in close proximity to the putting ground. This stroke is done by taking a short grasp of the iron, laying the head well back, and hitting the ball clean with an upward turn of the wrist. Some players do not lay the iron head back, but allow it to do its own work; this is a pretty mode of handling it, but not so easy, we think, as that above recommended. Little hillocks and other impediments in putting may be overcome in the same manner with very little practice. But the most delicate use of the same

iron is in playing a *stimy*. This particular stroke occurs on the putting green, when a player finds his antagonist's ball is so exactly in the line of his put, whether that line, from inequalities of the ground, be curving or straight, as to preclude possibility of playing at the hole in an ordinary manner. As will be seen from the golfing law in that behalf, the ball stimying may be lifted if within six inches of that of the player, until the stroke is done; the idea being, reasonably enough, that when the balls lie so close it would necessitate sleight of hand and not legitimate golfing skill to avoid collision.

There are two ways of playing this stroke; with an iron and with an ordinary wooden putter. The light iron or cleek is used when the balls lie so close together that to play by the side of the ball stimying, however closely, would throw the put wide of the hole. These clubs are handled for stimy-playing on the same principle we have already noted for playing very short strokes over a hazard on to the putting green, the stimy, of course, being still more delicately executed. The thinner the face and the greater the slope of the iron, the more easily will the stroke be lofted over the intercepting ball. Should the distance to be traversed after the stimy is surmounted be very short, for instance, some eight or ten inches, the

player should practise lofting his ball directly into the hole without causing it to roll at all after alighting.

There is a curious way of playing stimies with an iron club, which is generally considered illegitimate, although it is a moot point whether or not it is against any golfing law. The player stoops rather further than the length of the iron to be used, in *front* of his ball and facing it. He then extends his club, grasped by the right hand only, horizontally on the ground in the line of his put, fitting the slope of the head behind his ball. Thus, upon his jerking the iron towards him, the ball is made to hop with the utmost certainty over the stimy. Extra elevation is easily given by raising the hand whilst the head remains on the ground. This is a stroke, at all events, worth trying for experiment's sake.

Wooden putters are used to play stimies when the intercepting ball is at some distance from that of the player. A curving-in motion is imparted to the ball, causing it to pass the stimy and work in to the straight course again. This twist is acquired in making the stroke by drawing the putter from heel to point in towards the body with a quick motion, never allowing it, during the operation, to quit the ball. As will be seen, this stroke is only available when the lie of the ground allows of the stimy being played on the right hand side. A twisting motion im-

parted to a ball on a rugged green has a tendency to keep it straight, effectually preventing its being thrown off by a ridge or hollow. However, we cannot assert that it is very efficacious in the case of stimies, being only possible on the smoothest putting greens, or where the inclination of the ground assists the curving course of the ball. We therefore recommend the iron in almost every position of the stimy.

In long putting, the player should make it a point always to be up; even should he overshoot the mark, his ball has a chance of holing, which it could not have were it played short. Some few golfers put almost exclusively with a metal club, an iron or cleek, to wit; and on a Links where the short game is over very rough greens, a knowledge of this use of the iron or cleek is very desirable. As a rule, nevertheless, let not the player forsake the honest wooden tool; its heavy head and stiff shaft forbid the fear of a miss, and yet do not preclude the delicate touch, which is the chief feature in the handling of an iron. In short putting the player must consult principally the policy of the match on hand: if he have the advantage of a stroke or two over his opponent, it were madness to rush his ball at the hole, as a miss would at once destroy the hard-earned superiority of the long game; rather, on the contrary, let him put softly and

cautiously, that his ball may lie *dead* for the next stroke. On the other hand, when the golfer is a couple of strokes or more behind, his only chance lies in a bold put—a rapid gobble over level ground—or a scientific curve through a cup or rut when such occasion offers. Should his antagonist's ball lie a little to one side of the line of his put, it becomes what is technically called a "guide," and the golfer should take advantage of it by playing his own ball past it. This ensures a straight run to the hole, and should he touch the guide, there is no harm done, as the *kiss* will set his ball on the right course again.

On some links there is a portion of ground of unequal surface, but smoothly turfed, devoted to short holes. These are designed exclusively for the purpose of putting, and are situate from each other at limited distances, varying from ten to twenty feet; hence their name. The novice will find them useful in acquiring a knowledge of his putter, but on no other account. They are wholly unlike the putting-greens on the regular course, and are generally held by some trick of the ground—some run or particular inclination—which, once ascertained, precludes the possibility of any merit in the play. We would therefore advise the young golfer to be cautious in playing too much at the short holes, as it might render his putting on the course timid and erring.

Some golfers are over-solicitous about the state of their clubs. An unfortunate miss, an erratic draw, a skimming shot or too lofty swipe, or an indifferent put, are solemnly traced to some failing in the club employed, and the delinquent club is forthwith filed and refiled, made heavier or lighter, shorter or longer, thicker or thinner in the grasp, as the case may be, to suit the passing fancy of the owner. Let not our novice lay *his* shortcomings to the charge of his club, and let him be chary of alterations. When his putter-face becomes too smooth or too rough for playing delicate strokes, filing is an allowable remedy, aided, if necessary, by a little judicious chalking; or if his driving clubs begin to crack or get very soft in the face, or otherwise inefficient, a leather face is a good substitute when filing would be unavailing. These, however, should be necessary cures of really existing evils, and not the result of caprice. Some few golfers, we may notice, prefer a leather face for driving; it certainly is a capital elastic substance, so long as the weather is dry, but when the grass is damp, or when it rains, the virtue of a leather face is for the time gone.

The proper weight of balls is the subject of a good deal of difference of opinion amongst players. We would recommend the Golfer, however, to be provided with both light and heavy balls to play with, or against the wind.

It is a curious fact that if a light ball be struck particularly fairly, it will scarcely be touched or affected by an adverse wind; it is, however, safest to be provided as we have counselled. A medium sized ball is, according to the ball-maker's scale, No. 28; above this number, balls are considered heavy; below, light. The larger a ball is, the more easily will it be putted with; for this reason, heavy balls are preferred by those players whose chief excellence lies in a short game. In the winter season, if the player be enthusiastic enough to brave the slippery ice and wreaths of snow, he will find red paint a very desirable coating for his balls. In particularly inclement winters, when the snow is too deep on the course, golfing is sometimes indulged in over a sandy shore. Playing on such a course requires no comment.

SOME OF

THE OLDER GOLFING CLUBS.

THE very large increase of late years in the number of golfing clubs throughout the country, shows that the interest in this healthful and invigorating pastime is by no means on the decline, but quite the reverse. Within a comparatively short time the number of golfing associations has increased by leaps and bounds, so to speak. About thirty years ago, there were only about thirty clubs in all, but now there are over a hundred, that is an increase of about two hundred per cent. in thirty years. Of the hundred clubs, Scotland has by far the larger proportion, no fewer than about eighty-five of those having their location north of the border, England apparently having as yet only about fifteen, a number, let us hope, which may ere long be largely augmented. As regards locality, Edinburgh takes the van, having no fewer than ten clubs; St. Andrews comes next with five; Aberdeen, Dumfries, Gullane, Leven, Montrose, and Perth, having each three or more. The oldest and most noteworthy clubs now existing are The Honourable the Edinburgh Company of

Golfers; The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews; The Musselburgh Golf Club; The Bruntsfield Links Golf Club; The Edinburgh Burghers Golfing Society; The Blackheath Golf Club; and the Crail Golfing Society—each of these was formed prior to 1790, and all but the last-named have been in existence considerably over one hundred years. A few lines regarding the origin and history of the more noteworthy may be given. THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB OF ST. ANDREWS.—This club, as everybody knows, is the most distinguished of all the golfing societies. The following is an extract from a sketch of the history of this club, given by R. Clark, Esq., in his superb volume entitled *Golf: An Ancient and Royal Game*:—"The St. Andrews Golf Club was instituted in 1754, the Silver Club having been played for in the beginning of that year, and gained by Bailie William Landale, merchant in St. Andrews. The Honourable Company of Golfers, then called the Gentlemen Golfers of Leith, joined in the Competition. In the year 1766 the members met once a fortnight at eleven o'clock, played a round of the links, and afterwards dined in the house of Bailie Glass, each paying a shilling for his dinner—the absent as well as the present. In October, 1786, a ball was given for the first time. In 1827 the funds were at so low an ebb that, in that year, the Club discontinued

the allowance of two guineas to the Leith clubmaker for attending the annual general meeting. In 1834 His late Majesty, King William the Fourth, was graciously pleased to become Patron of the Club, and to approve of its being in future styled The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews; and in 1837 he presented a magnificent Gold Medal, 'which His Majesty wished should be challenged and played for annually.' In 1838 Her Majesty the Queen Dowager, Duchess of St. Andrews, became Patroness of the Club, and presented a handsome Gold Medal—'The Royal Adelaide'—as a mark of her approbation; with a request that it should be worn by the Captain, as president, on all public occasions. In 1834 the Union Club and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews were amalgamated—members of the latter being declared also members of the Union; and since that time all entering members are made free of both Clubs. In June, 1863, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales became Patron of the Club, and in the following September was elected Captain by acclamation." For further particulars regarding the history of the club, and interesting extracts from the minute books, see Mr. Clark's work. Without going further into the history, reference may be made in a few words to the prizes associated with this Club. In earlier times the Society owned two prizes,

namely, a Silver Club first played for in 1754, and a Gold Medal first played for in 1771. This gold medal up to 1836 formed the chief prize, after which date it became the second prize of the autumn meeting—the gift from King William taking precedence of it and becoming the highest object of competition. King William had become a patron of the club in 1834, and three years afterwards His Majesty evinced his interest in its prosperity by gifting a splendid gold medal to be played for annually. And ever since the time of this highly appreciated event, the medal has been played for yearly, with greatly varying success as regards the number of strokes, a list of the successful competitors is here given. Included in this list, it is interesting to find the names of so many who have been distinguished also in other respects, and held high social position.

With regard to the chief prize of the spring meeting—in 1836 Colonel J. Murray Belshes of Buttergask, at that time Captain of the club, being impressed with the idea that the objects of competition in connection with the club were too few in number, and that an increase thereof would be beneficial in its influence, presented the society with a Silver Cross of St. Andrew, to be competed for yearly. The club unanimously accepted of the very handsome gift, and recorded in the minute book their

sense of indebtedness to the Colonel for this manifestation of his interest in the society.

Around these two prizes encircles the interest of almost the entire golfing world. The Autumn Meeting is the most important event in that respect, and to carry off its first prize may be termed the highest ambition of all golfers. And only second to the foregoing, is esteemed the Silver Cross of the Spring Meeting. And no honour to be won anywhere else at golf, can be held comparable to either.

WINNERS OF THE GOLD MEDAL GIVEN BY THE CLUB.

From 1806 to 1836.

During which period this Medal was the only one Competed for.

Year.		Strokes.
1806	Walter Cook, W.S.,	100
1807	Do., Do.,	101
1808	William Oliphant,	102
1809	Do., Do.,	103
1810	Dr. Jas. Hunter, United College, St. Andrews,	111
1811	Do., Do., Do.,	116
1812	R. Pattullo, Balhouffie,	109
1813	Do. Do.,	114
1814	Do., Do.,	118
1815	Dr. Jas. Hunter, United College, St. Andrews,	101
1816	David Moncrieffe, yr., of Moncrieffe,	111
1817	Walter Cook, W.S.,	113
1818	Captain H. L. Playfair,	111
1819	Sir D. Moncrieffe, Bart.,	102
1820	Edward D'Oyley,	108
1821	Henry M. Low, W.S.,	108

1822	Charles Shaw, Leith,	109
1823	Henry M. Low, W.S.,	120
1824	Do., Do.,	110
1825	Samuel Messieux,	105
1826	Robert Pattullo, jun.,	104
1827	Samuel Messieux,	111
1828	Robert Pattullo, jun.,	106
1829	Major Holcroft, R.A.,	109
1830	Do., Do.,	111
1831	D. Duncan, Rosemount,	111
1832	John H. Wood, Leith,	104
1833	Major Holcroft, R.A.,	103
1834	R. Oliphant, yr., Rossie,	97
1835	Do., Do.,	105
1836	Major William Wemyss,	104

FIRST PRIZE FOR AUTUMN MEETING.

Winners of Gold Medal.

Presented by His Late Majesty King William the Fourth. First competed for in 1837.

1837	J. Stuart Oliphant,	104
1838	Capt. J. Hope Grant,	100
1839	J. H. Wood, Leith,	99
1840	Major H. L. Playfair,	105
1841	Sir David Baird, Bart.,	100
1842	James Condie,	103
1843	W. M. Goddard, Leith,	103
1844	J. Hamilton Dundas,	111
1845	James Calvert,	100
1846	Do.,	111
1847	N. J. Ferguson Blair,	105
1848	George Condie, Perth,	104
1849	W. M. Goddard,	105
1850	Sir David Baird, Bart.,	100
1851	O'Brien B. Peter,	105
1852	Robert Hay,	99
1853	John C. Stewart,	90
1854	W. Archibald, Hamilton,	97

1855	George Glennie,	88
1856	Capt. W. H. M. Dougall,	97
1857	James Ogilvie Fairlie,	101
1858	Patrick Alexander,	96
1859	Thomas D. M'Whannell,	96
1860	William C. Thomson,	104
1861	Thomas D. M'Whannell,	98
1862	James Ogilvie Fairlie,	99
1863	Capt. W. H. M. Dougall,	95
1864	Robert Clark,	94
1865	Capt. W. H. M. Dougall,	92
1866	Thomas Hodge,	97
1867	Thomas Hodge,	99
1868	Charles Anderson,	95
1869	Thomas Hodge,	89
1870	Gilbert Mitchell Innes,	89
1871	Thomas Mackay,	91
1872	Sir Robert Hay, Bart.,	94
1873	Henry A. Lamb,	92
1874	Samuel Mure Fergusson,	91
1875	Leslie M. Balfour,	93
1876	Leslie M. Balfour,	91
1877	Leslie M. Balfour,	89
1878	Henry A. Lamb,	90
1879	Charles Anderson,	88
1880	Alex. Stuart,	89
1881	Samuel Mure Fergusson,	90
1882	Alex. Stuart,	88
1883	Leslie M. Balfour,	88
1884	Horace Hutchinson, Westward House,	87

WINNERS OF THE ORIGINAL GOLD MEDAL GIVEN BY THE CLUB, AFTER IT BECAME THE SECOND PRIZE.

FROM 1837.

When the Medal became the Second Prize at the Autumn General Meeting.

1837	James Condie, Perth,	103
1838	Robert Haig,	112

1839	Andrew Stirling,	99
1840	William Wood,	105
1841	Captain A. O. Dalgleish,	109
1842	Major H. L. Playfair,	108
1843	William Buist,	103
1844	James Skelton,	112
1845	N. J. Ferguson Blair,	102
1846	William Buist,	112
1847	James Calvert,	106
1848	Captain David Campbell,	105
1849	Sir David Baird, Bart.,	107
1850	George Condie,	100
1851	Robert Hay,	110
1852	Thomas Peter, Kirkland,	101
1853	James Balfour, Edinburgh,	93
1854	Patrick Alexander,	100
1855	William C. Thomson,	93
1856	Captain Robert T. Boothby,	94
1857	James Balfour, Edinburgh,	101
1858	R. Mitchell, St. Andrews,	98
1859	Captain W. H. M. Dougall,	97
1860	Captain W. H. M. Dougall,	112
1861	James Balfour, Edinburgh,	102
1862	T. D. M'Whannell,	101
1863	Robert Clark, Edinburgh,	98
1864	Captain W. H. M. Dougall,	99
1865	Dr. Argyle Robertson,	97
1866	David I. Lamb,	97
1867	Dr. Duncan M'Cuaig,	96
1868	Captain J. C. Stewart, of Fasnacloich,	97
1869	Dr Duncan M'Cuaig,	94
1870	Dr Douglas A. Robertson,	89
1871	Do., Do.,	97
1872	Do., Do.,	97
1873	Do., Do.,	93
1874	Leslie Melville Balfour,	97
1875	Major Robert T. Boothby,	93
1876	Alexander Stuart,	92
1877	Samuel Mure Ferguson,	94
1878	Charles Anderson,	90

1879	David I. Lamb,	89
1880	Leslie M. Balfour,	91
1881	Do.,	91
1882	Thomas Mackay,	88
1883	C. E. S. Chambers,	94
1884	Henry Johnstone,	91

FIRST PRIZE FOR MAY MEETING.

WINNERS OF SILVER CROSS.

Presented by J. Murray Belshes, of Buttergask.

1836	James Condie, Perth,	110
1837	John H. Wood, Leith,	100
1838	C. Robertson,	108
1839	Do.,	104
1840	Samuel Messieux,	109
1841	Robert Haig,	104
1842	Do.,	104
1843	Captain David Campbell,	103
1844	Robert Haig,	111
1845	Captain A. O. Dalgleish,	99
1846	Robert Lindsay,	110
1847	Captain David Campbell,	104
1848	Robert Hay,	101
1849	J. O. Fairlie,	100
1850	George Condie, Perth,	96
1851	George Glennie,	99
1852	Captain W. H. Maitland Dougall, Scotscraig,	96
1853	Henry Jelf Sharpe,	96
1854	J. O. Fairlie,	95
1855	Captain W. H. Maitland Dougall,	98
1856	William Playfair,	102
1857	W. C. Thomson,	96
1858	Sir Thomas Moncrieffe, of Moncrieffe, Bart.,	95
1859	James C. Lindsay, Broughty-Ferry,	101
1860	James Ogilvie Fairlie, of Coodham,	99
1861	Thomas Hodge,	92
1862	Henry Mackechnie,	94
1863	Gilbert Mitchell Innes,	97

1864	William C. Thomson,	95
1865	Gilbert Mitchell Innes,	98
1866	William C. Thomson,	92
1867	Robert Clark,	92
1868	Major Robert T. Boothby,	92
1869	Robert Clark,	92
1870	Robert Clark,	92
1871	Henry Lamb,	93
1872	Ross W. Ochterlony,	98
1873	Henry A. Lamb,	99
1874	William J. Mure,	90
1875	Captain Alex. Dingwall Fordyce,	92
1876	Major Robert T. Boothby,	92
1878	A. Frank Simpson,	89
1879	William J. Mure,	86
1880	Charles Anderson,	87
1881	E. S. Balfour,	88
1882	Alexander Stuart,	88
1883	Alexander Stuart,	83
1884.	W. S. Wilson,	91

SECOND PRIZE FOR MAY MEETING.

Winners of the Silver Medal.

Presented by the Golfing Society of Bombay. First competed for in 1846.

1846	William Buist,	111
1847	George Dempster,	111
1848	J. O. Fairlie,	104
1849	J. Campbell, Glensaddel,	101
1850	Captain Heriot Maitland,	101
1851	Do., Do.,	103
1852	J. Campbell, Glensaddel,	98
1853	J. O. Fairlie,	96
1854	Captain W. H. M. Dougall,	98
1855	James Condie,	98
1856	Captain W. H. M. Dougall,	105
1857	Do., Do.,	94
1858	Alexander Bethune of Blebo,	99

1859	W. C. Thomson, Dundee,	102
1860	Captain W. H. Maitland Dougall,	98
1861	Major R. T. Boothby,	101
1862	Thomas Hodge,	97
1863	Robert Clark, Edinburgh,	100
1864	Gilbert Mitchell Innes,	101
1865	Robert Clark,	94
1866	Thomas D. M'Whannel,	95
1867	Dr. D. A. Robertson,	94
1868	Charles Anderson,	95
1869	Captain W. H. Maitland Dougall,	93
1870	David I. Lamb,	95
1871	Dr D. A. Robertson,	93
1872	William C. Thomson,	98
1873	Thomas Hodge,	99
1874	Gilbert Mitchell Innes,	90
1875	William J. Mure,	97
1876	Leslie M. Balfour,	98
1877	George M. Cox,	97
1878	Charles Anderson,	93
1879	Leslie M. Balfour,	94
1880	Do., Do.,	87
1881	J. Hay Blackwell, jun.,	89
1882	David I. Lamb,	88
1883	Leslie M. Balfour,	85
1884	Horace Hutchinson,	91

THE HONOURABLE THE EDINBURGH COMPANY OF GOLFERS.

The origin of this club goes further back than there is any written record of, but the first regular series of minutes begins in 1744. In that year the Magistrates of Edinburgh presented to the Society a silver club, to be played for annually, and with the exception of a few years in last century, as also a few years in the present century,

this club has been played for regularly, and been competed for by many distinguished gentlemen. Until 1831 the club played on the Leith Links, and after a cession of a few years, renewed its existence at Musselburgh in 1836, and continues in a highly flourishing condition.

In the middle of last century, many very noted gentlemen were members, and contended enthusiastically for the honours it had in store, including noblemen, lords of session, lawyers, clergymen, and others. The first winner of the Silver Club in 1744 was Mr. John Rattray, surgeon in Edinburgh, and again in the following year, 1745, the same gentleman was the successful competitor. Among other well-known members of the society in last century may be mentioned President Forbes; William St. Clair of Roslin; David Allan, the famous Scotch painter; the Hon. Henry Erskine, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates; Lord Dalrymple; Henry Raeburn; Sir James Stirling, Bart.; Thomas Stoddart; etc.

In 1790, as a spur to Golfing, the club originated another prize—a Gold Medal—to be played for annually, and held in possession for the year by the winner, whose name, as also the year, in each case were engraved upon it. In 1808 a novel match took place, namely, between the married men and the bachelors, for a claret dinner, the

bachelors winning by six holes. The club has a very large membership, numbering over three hundred names.

THE BURNTSFIELD LINKS GOLF CLUB.

This club was instituted about the year 1760, and continues in a vigorous condition, though, as in other instances, considerable changes have taken place as regards locality, their original golf course having got marred through building encroachments. The Society's headquarters are now situated at Musselburgh, although they also play to a considerable extent at other places. Four annual competitions are held, after each of which the members dine in the Club-house; several medals are connected with the society, one of which is "for annual competition between the Edinburgh Burgess Golfing Society and the Burntsfield Links Golfing Club," first played for in 1854. The club has had an interesting career, dealing much in competition among the members and with rival institutions, and having apparently an unusual amount of social intercourse among themselves.

THE EDINBURGH BURGESS GOLFING SOCIETY.

This Society appears to have been founded about the year 1735, and for about a century played on the Burnts-

field Links, but now has its course at Musselburgh, where the Society has erected a spacious and commodious Club-house. The minute-books of the Club are in existence continuously from 1773, and contain many interesting and amusing references to golfing competitions and convivial gatherings. There are two medals, played for annually, and though venerable in age, the Society remains youthful in spirit, and has a large membership.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

THE GOLFER'S GARLAND.

COMPOSED FOR THE BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB.

Of rural diversions too long has the Chace
All the honours usurp'd, and assum'd the chief place;
But truth bids the Muse from henceforward proclaim,
That Goff, first of sports, should stand foremost in fame.

O'er the Heath, see our heroes in uniform clad,
In parties well match'd how they gracefully spread;
While with long strokes and short strokes they tend to the goal,
And with putt well directed plump into the hole.

At Goff we contend without rancour or spleen,
And bloodless the laurels we reap on the green;
From rip'ning exertions our raptures arise,
And to crown our delights, no poor fugitive dies.

From exercise keen, from strength native and bold
We'll traverse the green, and forget we grow old;
Dire Devils, diseases, dull sorrow, and care
Brook'd down by our Balls [illegible]

Health, happiness, harmony, friendship, and fame,
Are the fruits and rewards of our favourite game.
A sport so distinguished the Fair must approve:
Then to Goff give the day, and the ev'ning to love.

Our first standing toast we'll to Goffing assign,
No other amusement's so truly divine;
It has charms for the aged, as well as the young,
Then as first of field sports let its praises be sung.

The next we shall drink to our friends far and near,
And the mem'ry of those who no longer appear;
Who have play'd their last round, and pass'd over that bourne
From which the best Goffer can never return.

THE LINKS O' INNERLEVEN.

By Wm. Tennant, LL.D.

Wha wad be free frae doctors' bills—
Frae trash o' powders and o' pills—
Wha wad cure for a' his ills
On the Links o' Innerleven.

For there whar lasses bleach their claes,
And bairnies toddle doon the braes,
The merry Golfer daily plays
On the Links o' Innerleven.

Sae hie ye to the Golfers' ha,
And there, arranged alang the wa',
O' presses ye will see a raw,
At the Club o' Innerleven.
There from some friendly box ye'll draw
A club and second-handed ba',—
A Gourlay pill's the best o' a'
For health at Innerleven.

And though the Golfer's sport be keen,
Yet oft upon the putting-green
He'll rest to gaze upon the scene
[illegible]
To trace the [illegible]
Through Largo's [illegible]
Or to hear the [illegible]
On the beach o' [illegible]

When in the evening of my days,
I wish I could a cottage raise

Beneath the snugly-sheltering braes
O'erhanging Innerleven.
There in the plot before the door
I'd raise my vegetable store,
Or tug for supper at the oar
In the bay near Innerleven.

But daily on thy matchless ground
I and my cadie would be found,
Describing still another round
On thy Links, sweet Innerleven!
Would I care then for fortune's rubs,
And a' their Kirk and State hubbubs,
While I could stump and swing my clubs
On the Links o' Innerleven.

And when the e'ening grey sat doun,
I'd cast aside my tacket shoon,
And crack o' putter, cleek, and spoon,
Wi' a friend at Innerleven.
Syne o'er a glass o' Cameron Brig,
A nightcap we would doucely swig,
Laughing at Conservative and Whig,
By the Links o' Innerleven.

A GOLFING SONG.

By James Ballantine.

Air—"*Let Haughty Gaul.*"

Come leave your dingy desks and shops,
Ye sons of ancient Reekie,
And by green fields and sunny slopes,
For healthy pastimes seek ye.
Don't bounce about your "*dogs of war,*"
Nor at our *shinties* scoff, boys,
But learn our motto, "*Sure and Far,*"
Then come and play at golf, boys.

Chorus—Three rounds of Bruntsfield Links will chase
All murky vapours off, boys;
And nothing can your sinews brace
Like the glorious game of golf, boys.

Above our head the clear blue sky,
We bound the gowan'd sward o'er,
And as our balls fly far and high,
Our bosoms glow with ardour.

While dear Edina, Scotland's Queen,
Her misty cap lifts off, boys,
And smiles serenely on the Green,
Graced by the game of golf, boys.
Chorus—Three rounds, etc.

We putt, we drive, we laugh, we chat,
Our strokes and jokes aye clinking,
We banish all extraneous fat,
And all extraneous thinking.
We'll cure you of a summer cold,
Or of a winter cough, boys,
We'll make you young, even when you're old,
So come and play at golf, boys.
Chorus—Three rounds, etc.

When in the dumps with mulligrubs,
Or doyte with barley bree, boys,
Go get you off the green three rubs,
'Twill set you on the "*Tee*," boys.
There's no disease we cannot cure,
No care we cannot doff, boys;
Our aim is ever "*far and sure*"—
So come and play at golf, boys.
Chorus—Three rounds, etc.

O blessings on pure cauler air,
And every healthy sport, boys,
That makes sweet Nature seem more fair,
And makes long life seem short, boys
That warms your heart with genial glow,
And make you halve your loaf, boys,
With every needy child of woe—
So bless the game of golf, boys.
Chorus—Three rounds, etc.

Then don your brilliant scarlet coats,
With your bright blue velvet caps, boys,
And some shall play the *rocket shots*,
And some the *putting paps*, boys.
No son of Scotland, man or boy,
Shall e'er become an oaf, boys,
Who gathers friendship, health and joy,
In playing at the golf, boys.
Chorus—Three rounds, etc.

MEDAL DAY AT ST. ANDREWS.*

THIS is the season of Congresses, and many have been in session lately, but few, we venture to think, have excited more enthusiasm among those who attended them than one that met last week at St. Andrews—we suppose we must hardly say in session. On the last day of September the "Royal and Ancient Golf Club" of that Royal and ancient burgh assembled by the shores of their sad-resounding sea, in the weather-beaten district known as the "East Nuik of Fife," to hold their annual autumnal meeting. Students of Scottish history remember the decaying city of the Scottish patron saint as the seat of an archiepiscopal see whose metropolitans played a conspicuous part in the religious troubles that convulsed the kingdom. Archæologists may have made pilgrimages to the ruins of its venerable shrines, or to the fragments of the famous castle that witnessed the burning of Wishart, the murder of the Cardinal who martyred him, and the fervid ministrations of the Scottish Apostle when the Reformers

* From the *Times*, October 5, 1874.

were being blockaded by the avengers of blood. But we fear that modern Scotchmen set but small store by those stirring memories, ecclesiastical or political. In Scotland St. Andrews is best known as the capital and head-quarters of Golf, and golf is pre-eminently the national game. Curling alone can pretend to vie with it in popularity, but curling depends on the caprices of the weather. It can only be enjoyed in an iron frost, whereas you may indulge in golf any day or all days; and in point of antiquity even the venerable St. Andrews itself, with its musty memories, need not be ashamed of its profitable foster child.

Golf has been played by the Scots literally from time immemorial, and we have little doubt that there were golf holes to be filled on the North Inch of Perth on the memorable day when the ground was cleared for the combat between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Quhele. We know, at all events, that his Majesty James II., nephew of that Earl of Rothsay who perished miserably in the tower of Falkland, found himself constrained to promulgate a statute against the game, setting forth that its too universal popularity interfered with the training for the national defence. The Scots of our time are more peaceably disposed than their ancestors; but we venture to say that even a Liberal Ministry that advocated any such measure

now-a-days would have small chance in Scotch constituencies when they sent down candidates to contest the seats.

There are districts and burghs where every second inhabitant is a golfer. It is the game of the country gentry, of the busy professional men, of the *bourgeoisie* of flourishing centres of trade, of many of the artizans, and even of the tag-rag and bobtail. People who never took a golf club in their hands have a high regard for it as a game which is eminently respectable. It is the one amusement which any "douce" man may pursue, irrespective of his calling, and risk neither respect nor social consideration. Read the list of the champions who paired off for the round of the course at last Thursday's contest, and we believe you will actually find gentlemen in Orders —and those Scottish Orders—figuring among them. The fact speaks volumes to those who are familiar with local prejudices, for it is an unwritten canon of the Church that the consecrated cast of the Levites should avoid giving even a shadow of offence. This we know, that rising young barristers may take rank as golfers without resigning the hope of briefs, while they might as well sign a self-denying ordinance as go out fox-hunting even once in a way, or be detected indulging in the frivolity of dancing. On the other hand, the most ardent fox-hunters, salmon-fishers, deer-stalkers,—the men who are most devoted to

the sports which make the pulses throb with the most irrepressible excitement, are among the very keenest patrons of the game. Once a golfer you are always a golfer; you find besides that *bon chien chasse de race* and the hereditary taste will break out in successive generations.

Wherever the golfer settles, or wherever he colonises, he prospects the neighbourhood with both eyes wide open. One he naturally rivets on the main chance—on the farming, grazing, mining, or whatever may be his special object; but with the other he glances at the capabilities of the ground for his favourite game. We hear of golf in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, in all the colonies that are most affected by Scotchmen. There are towns in France where the Scotch settlers have inoculated the natives with the love of it; while in England it has been acclimatised from the bleak coasts of Northumberland to the sunny shores of Devon, and reports of matches are regularly forwarded to our sporting contemporaries from Crookham and Wimbledom, Blackheath and Westward Ho.

We own that at first sight it is difficult for the uninitiated looker-on to sympathise with the evident enthusiasm of the players. There does not seem to be anything very stimulating in grinding round a barren stretch of ground,

impelling a gutta-percha ball before you, striving to land it in a succession of small holes in fewer strokes than your companion and opponent. But as to the reality of the excitement, you are soon compelled to take that for granted. You see gentlemen of all ages, often of the most self-indulgent or sedentary habits, turning out every kind of weather, persevering to the dusk of a winter day, in spite of bitter wind and driving showers; or dragging about their cumbrous weight of flesh in hot defiance of the most sultry summer temperature. The truth is that, appearances notwithstanding, experience proves it to be one of the most fascinating of pursuits; nor can there be any question that it is among the most invigorating. You play it on some stretch of ground by the sea, generally sheltered more or less by rows of hummocky sand-hills which break the force of the breeze without intercepting its freshness. You keep moving for the most part, although there is no need for moving faster than is necessary to set the blood in healthy circulation. In a tournament like that which ended on Wednesday at St. Andrews, you select your own partner. The deep-chested, strapping young fellows in their prime, with the reach of arm and strength of shoulder that make their swing so tremendous in driving the ball, pair off together. The obese and elderly gentlemen, touched in the wind by time, and doubtful subjects

for insurance offices, may jog along placidly at their own pace. When the players are fairly handicapped, as they ought to be, the excitement lasts from the beginning to the finish of the game—each separate stroke has its visible result; ill-luck may balk you when you least expect it, and a trivial mistake may land you in some fatal difficulty. Strength will tell no doubt, but it is skill that lands the winner. Be cautious as you will, even when playing over the flat, it is seldom that your ball will be lying on the level, leaving you nothing to do but to take a free sweep at it with a sharp eye and a steady wrist. The variety of the clubs that your "cadie" staggers under behind you is eloquent of the extreme niceties of the play. The club proper or the driver is a long shaft of seasoned hickory, tapering to a tough and narrow neck, before it swells into the broad flattened head, faced with horn or loaded with lead, which is intended to come in contact with the ball. But you have the shafts of others shortened to a variety of lengths, and the heads scooped out and bevelled away at all conceivable angles. This one is to be used when the ball lies embedded in a tuft of grass; that other when the ball must be "skied," or lifted over some swell of the ground that looms awkwardly full in front of you. Then, again, there are clubs headed with iron instead of wood, with which you may lay on with less fear of breakages,

when the ball has to be excavated by knack and force from some ugly pitfall it has chosen to settle into. Finally, there are the putting clubs, and in their judicious use is embodied the perfection of golfing science. It is comparatively easy getting your ball near the hole; a combination of fair luck with average skill will carry most people over the long distances at a reasonable pace. But it is quite another thing succeeding in "holing yourself." Around each of the small circular orifices is a tolerably smooth bit of turf, termed the putting green, and once landed on the green or near to it, you settle down to a sort of lawn billiards. It is then the cool and wary old players have the advantage over their more athletic adversaries. It is then that nervousness will come out if you are in any way given to it, and many a fine player will show himself flurried when a ring of scientific amateurs with money on the match are closing round and watching him breathlessly. He singles out the short stiff club he is to strike with, draws back and stoops to let his eye travel over the bit of ground that lies between his ball and the hole. All may look pretty level in a bird's-eye view, but there are endless minute inequalities and obstacles; the stump of a green blade may divert the ball at the moderate pace at which he must set it rolling. Nothing but long experience and cool reflection will indicate the line the ball

should be directed by, or train him to regulate the precise strength of his stroke. Let him lay on his hands half an ounce too heavily, and he sees the ball glide past the edge. Let him rest then a feather weight too lightly, and as it trickles down the imperceptible slope, it takes a faint bias to the side, and balances itself tremblingly upon the lip, instead of tumbling over the edge. There is exhilaration in the brisk walk round the Links in the fresh sea air, but it is the culminating excitement of the critical moments on the putting greens which gives the national game its universal zest. ..

Not that you may not have had excitement in plenty, and in the way of play too, in the course of that same brisk round. The Links, as we said, are stretches of short sandy grass by the sea shore, although occasionally they rise into steep downs, or sometimes, as with the Inches at Perth, are meadows on the banks of a river. Flat they are, and ought to be, in their general character, but if they were level like a lawn over all their surface, half the pleasures of Golf would be gone. The charm of the "going" game lies in the excitement of the "hazards"—a variety of malignant natural obstacles which are set like so many traps for the ball. Often skill may be trusted to clear these; sometimes skill will avail nothing, as when a sudden gust of wind curls your ball aside; not unfre-

quently a somewhat indifferent stroke will meet with punishment beyond its demerits. You meant to send your ball up the straight course, full in front of you, clearing the Scylla of a furze thicket on the one side, the Charybdis of a yawning sand-pit on the other. Your ball has made a turn to the right hand or to the left. In the former case it has fallen among the furze roots, and extrication is probably hopeless. You may as well lift it at once, and submit to the penalty. In the latter you betake yourself to the most weighty of your irons, and labour to disengage yourself with more or less success. But hazards of the kind, though disagreeable, are indispensable, and on their quantity and character depend the merits of a golf ground. Thus the most famous gathering-places in Scotland, St. Andrews—which claims precedence over all—and North Berwick, Prestwick, and Gullane, come very nearly to perfection in their several ways. But there are others nearly as good, although less notorious. Often, however, the hazards are wanting in a country where there is plenty of elbow-room with other conditions in your favour, and it is to that fact, coupled with ignorance, that we may attribute the comparatively circumscribed popularity of Golf. It certainly has the merit of being one of the healthiest, cheapest, and most innocent of recreations, and considering the ubiquity of Scotchmen who have delighted in it in

their boyhood, it is a marvel that it has not been more generally acclimated all over the world.

AMONG THE ST. ANDREWS GOLFERS.*

My friend Mr. Reginald Potts—indeed I may say my respected nephew Mr. Reginald Potts—one of the best known of its inhabitants, has at last prevailed on me to visit St. Andrews. The railway from Edinburgh to St. Andrews for worry and delays is an indescribable abomination; and I had finished one or two after-dinner cigars, and had disposed of a bottle of Mr. Potts' Château Margaux, before my sweeping adjectives for the torment of the ride ceased to flow, and ere my habitual calm stole over my ruffled nervous system. It was then I realised that I was in a city I had not seen for thirty years, and that as the probabilities were against my return to it, it was only proper I should make the most of my present sojourn. I remembered the place had no woods to wander in—had not even a decent tree to show—and though of illustrious historical descent and full of interesting ruins, was, apart from the "melancholy ocean," not dowered with objects for the tourist to spend much time over. I enquired of Mr.

* From the *Glasgow News*, September 21, 1874.

Potts his designs for the morrow? He began about a Club he wished me to see, and talked in a lively manner about a "foursome" at golf he had arranged for me. "Your happiness," said he, "will be complete, if, so long, dear uncle, as you are here, you only be passive." I suspect that is the key to more happiness than can be scraped up in St. Andrews, capable as it is, now that I have seen its Club and its Links, of furnishing it in no stinted measure.

In the bright morning sunlight I found the Club-house come up to my expectations. It has no architectural pretensions to speak of, and clearly was built for comfort rather than display. It has a bow-window looking west—the window of a large room used for luncheon, for the weed, and the annual dinners. This is flanked by a billiard and a reading room, and is covered in the rear by lavatories and the steward's apartments. I don't know what is above, for I never go upstairs if I can help it, and there was no pressure of necessity in this instance. Innumerable names stare at you from the inside walls of the rooms and corridors, and on inquiry you are told that they are those of members who, inside the framework of wood below, have their clubs locked and their variegated *togæ* enclosed. The *togæ* are made up of shoes and boots, new and old, with hobnails, and of coats of all fashions, and

ages, and colours, which, when worn on the Links, as is the custom, gives that picturesqueness to golf which no other pastime can rival. The lavatories abound with this kind of gear. You are just on the eve of thinking you are in an old clothes-shop when you realise that these coats would not easily be made saleable, and that next door are the plentiful evidences of wealthy *abandon*. One little snuggery to the right of the entrance-door displays in a glass case the disused implements of the game, and they look like the monitory flintlocks in curious armouries, which tell of new devices. A step or two further on, and you are at the kindly steward's bar, in the principal hall, where, as in all club-houses, you get what you want, and sometimes more than is good for you. Overlooking this scene of luxury and leisure are two oil portraits—one that of the courtly Mr. Whyte-Melville (convener of the county of Fife, and absolutely the oldest member of this charming institution), by Sir Francis Grant, the other that of Sir Hugh Playfair. As you master the details and accessories of the building, the numbers and rank in life of those who frequent it, you conclude that if ever the existing political representation is to be changed, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews—that, if I remember, is the title of it—must in all fairness have the right by itself to return a member to the Collective Wisdom. I frankly said

so to Mr. Potts, who, using lawful familiarities, clapped me on the shoulder with the remark, "Dear old Jonathan, you will never drop your old-fashioned sentiments;" and saying so he produced a not unwelcome flask of cognac and fresh cigars.

But I am soon made conscious that I am in the company of famed *literati* and men of note, no less than of golfers. That man, for instance, who has just entered, with the comely face and the frank bearing, is Principal Tulloch, whose studious ways and thousand pre-occupations are not, I happen to know, incompatible with the most genial hospitality. That cigar over there which escapes from under the scoop of a shepherd tartan bonnet, set awry on the head, is ministering balms to the editor of *Blackwood*, who is fresh from the revised proofs of the September Ebony, and the unconcerned-looking inheritor of some of the brightest of Scotch literary traditions. Down the steps in front of the building, and towards the breezy bents, with a bundle of books under his arm, walks a fragile man, with a meek white face, who is interesting with the interest of distinguished authorship—and he is Professor Flint. Coming the other way, you notice a taller figure, but equally far from portly, with also a tendency to stoop: he is Principal Shairp—the vigilant authority on Ossian, the tender poet, the subtle essayist,

and the staunch Conservative. To hear him read Michael Bruce's "Ode to the Cuckoo" is to be made acquainted with the music of the human voice when burdened with sympathetic emotion, while the mind's eye has a sight of things which are far away. My interlocutor with the fine forehead is Patrick Proctor Alexander, the loving biographer of Alexander Smith, and the biting critic of the late Stuart Mill. There goes Dr. Spencer Baynes, energetically after a brisk "constitutional," seeking variety and relief in the white autumn day from the bad manuscripts of the new "Encyclopædia" he is editing for the Messrs. Black. If you will step into the reading-room you will see, partly concealed behind the open pages of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the anxious features of the "Country Parson," and the demigod of many readers of *Fraser*, when, as "A. K. H. B.," he writes "concerning" something or another in the most piquant and elegant English. Over at the other hearthstone is a mighty Senior Wrangler, who has just suppressed me in a conversation in which I had joined for gratitude's sake. I was gently praising Mr. Alfred Wallace's history of Spiritualism in *The Fortnightly Review*, when, with delightful holiday dogmatism, I was put down with the remark, "Tuts! a parcel of lunatics altogether!" But, nevertheless, he is an eminent man who uttered these thoughtless words. That venerable

form, which the long iron-grey hair, who enters our clouds of smoke, is the pet of the Senatus for the years he has to carry and the "infant treble" of his social ways; and he fulfils in the professorial economy here the function of telling the end of all merely intellectual activity. Arm-in-arm go seawards two other erudite divinities of the place—namely, Drs. Crombie and Roberts—whose presence, stalking across this classical scene, suggests the reflection that St. Andrews University has a singular wealth of means for setting up as a theological school. Nor is this group of *literati* unusual here, or even just now at its best. Into it occasionally walks "Shirley," freed from the commonplaces of Supervision in Edinburgh; and mightier than the mightiest of her sex, there is just about this time of the year to be seen hereabouts the biographer of Irving and the Chronicler of Carlingford. How unpardonable it would be were I to omit noticing that that man on the gravel-path outside, with the agile gait and the inquiring features, is the author of "The Gladiators," "Queen's Maries," and "Bones and I"—Whyte-Melville, to wit, the best rider to hounds, and the best teller of how it is done, of any man I know! He is in the company of his estimable father, though which looks oldest I do not undertake to say, and the St. Andrews people, I am told, decline to decide. Of both the city is honestly and garru-

lously proud. It was away along that expanse of grass and whin westwards where the remarkable author of the "Book of Days," Dr. Robert Chambers, sought to make his declining hours happy with the champagne of the breezy downs, the good cheer of genial human intercourse, and the innocent pastimes and frolics of laughing youths and dutiful men, and where it is still believed he found what he so gently sought. But luncheon is set, and "tucking into" some hot potatoes and cold beef, you observe an individual of an easy, reserved presence, and with great glistening eyes. He is in golfing déshabille, like all the rest of them, with a brown towering wideawake. That is the Lord Justice-General of Scotland, who has just had his forenoon's round, and is now coaxing the inner man to have another. How well the ease in this inn becomes the character of a judge so distinguished, and the leisure of an orator who has shone in the past in the strife of public life! Entering towards us is a man with wistful features, a nasal twang, and a stoop from the shoulders. He clamantly wants to be drilled. He is Sir George Campbell of Edenwood, just home from India, where, as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, he has been making a page or two bright in the thronging history of that great British possession.

It was at this point in the day's conversations and inquiries that Mr. Potts informed me that the hour for the foursome was come; and so behold me on the Links of St. Andrews in a tawny scarlet coat and a bonnet which crowned, I may say, the figure of a guy! It were superfluous to tell what the origin of golf is. I have just time before striking off to state that what of it is not lost in the mists of antiquity came over with William the Conqueror. That is what my cadie tells me, and he is no less an authority than Tom Morris, who was born in the purple of equable temper and courteous habits. Well, I began my game by missing what is called "the globe" altogether, and (to anticipate events just a litttle), I finished it by breaking a club. I early acquired an inexplicable, undefinable, interest in my ball; I heeled it and topped it; I went under it and over it; I stood behind it and stood in advance of it; and in my multifarious endeavours, I exhausted the entire armoury of Tom's implements. Play-club and spoon, niblick and cleek, putter and heavy iron, were in constant requisition in order to get that ball to go. I followed it into the Swilcan Burn; I thrashed it out of numerous sandy bunkers; I fought with it in whinny covers; I drove it forth from grassy tufts with a zeal which, I was constantly told, was beyond all praise. At what is called "the hole across" I was extremely warm, and no

doubt looked far from myself; whereupon Tom offered the polite remark—"Ye wid be nane the waur o' a black strap, sir!" "Certainly, Tom," I rejoined; "my performances are so miserable that I feel you cannot chastise me enough with any sort of strap." "You mistake me, sir," responded Tom; "I didnn't mean that; I mean, ye wad be nane the waur o' a pint o' porter. As when the acid joins the soda there instantly arises the effervescence, so at this juncture, at "the hole across," I exploded with laughter. It only wanted Tom's calling porter by the name of "black strap' to fill in, to myself, the comicality of the scene in which I was the central figure; and so casting myself on the ground, I struck work like any miner. But it was of no use. I was compelled to resume, with the ultimate result of the club breaking, as aforesaid, and with the intimation that we had won the foursome! It seems that odds were allowed to me, a half or a whole or something—I never inquired what, seeing the issue was obtained through a conspiracy of flatterers. This conclution was deepened in my mind at dinner—a meal in St. Andrews at which the day's games are gone over again, hole by hole and stroke by stroke. Mr. Potts let fall a sentence or two then which showed me that his main object was to egg me on to that degree of fascination with the game when all self-restraint is lost, and when the en-

thralled novice becomes, in the choice between work and golf, quite unable to resist golf when there is a doubt exciting. My nephew has so far succeeded that I have had three more rounds since; and as the October Meeting is coming—to the dinner of the members of which I have received a courteous invitation—I am resolved at this writing to practise away.

The Links themselves for a walk are most enjoyable. You play, as it were, in a path of beautiful greensward, which in form is like a shepherd's crook, with the stem notched and twisted, on whose becks of heather the bees are humming, and above which the song-birds are gyrating among the flight of balls. Than my present situation nothing could be more agreeable or desirable; and then Mr. Potts has given me quite a ministry of useful introductions besides that to the game of golf. Among these I highly rank my introductions to the Provost and Magistrates of the city, whose privilege it is to rule in so famous a place. I have been shown by the Provost the keys of the city, with his expressions of regret that they cannot be formally presented, and I have nothing to regret at our pleasing intercourse save that he has just beaten me at billiards. I do not know whether I shall ever fulfil the expectations Mr. Potts has formed of me as a golfer—most likely not, even short of the grace of the St. Andrews "swing;" but I can

most sincerely say that I have unbounded delight in being among—in having formed the acquaintance of many of —the St. Andrews players.

JONATHAN OLDBUCK

MEDAL DAY AT BLACKHEATH.*

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good. The grey skies and east winds of yesterday were bad for Ascot; but they were appropriate enough over the bleak and sandy undulations of Blackheath, where the golfers had come to compete for their summer medal. Many of the hardy Scotchmen who came out in their scarlet jackets and white breeches must have fancied they were at home again—that they were playing on the famous links of St. Andrews, or by the Fair City of Perth, or within sight of Salisbury Crags. Might they not, with a little imagination, have changed the scene, taking the distant slopes of Shooter's-hill for a sort of reduced Arthur's Seat, the windings of the Thames at Greenwich for the windings of the Forth, and recognising all around that prevailing mist that comes in from the sea to tone down the colours of Scotland's capital? But perhaps in the excitement of "teeing" they

> Forgot the clouded Forth,
> The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth,
> The bitter east, and misty summer,
> And grey metropolis of the North,

* From the *Daily News*, June 1874.

and proceeded with their accustomed ardour to show their southern rivals how to go safely and boldly round a "course." It was possible, indeed, in many cases to apportion the nationality of the combatants, even though no explanatory music heralded their approach.

Here, for example, are two players who have just come on to the green plain of the Heath from the Dover road—that Dover road on which, we have been informed by good authority, mile-stones are to be found. One is a man of sixty-five or so, six feet in height, broad-shouldered, with a majestic white beard and keen grey eyes looking out from under shaggy eyebrows. Those eyes, one may well imagine, have watched for the first appearance of the red deer as dawn broke over the mists of the Jura mountains, and then woe to the first stag that came along the rocks in advance of the herd! In addition to the scarlet jacket, and instead of the orthodox white trousers, he wears rough and serviceable knickerbockers: they may have brushed the heather on the moorlands of Ross or in the moist valleys of the far island of Lewis. The other is a handsome young man of a thoroughly English type, slender in make and soft in feature, with fair hair, light grey eyes, and sun-tanned face. They are preceded by a scout, who carries a red flag. The scout is not a tall and stalwart gillie in kilts, a short, stout, in-kneed youth, who seems to have just

left his barrow round the corner, and who would probably prove an ugly customer in a rush along the Strand on a Lord Mayor's Day. They are attended by two other persons, also apparently costermongers out of work, each of whom carries an armful of the implements used in the game, and who is supposed to hand the necessary club, spoon, or putter when his master requires it. There are few people on the Heath. The spectators are chiefly boys, who take their position at critical points, and soon get to acquire a sufficient knowledge of this occult game to calculate the chances of the players, although they might not be able to estimate accurately the value of "one off three." For the rest, there is little picturesqueness about the scene —except for these bits of scarlet colour scattered over the dull green of the Heath. It is a sombre day. The houses and trees about shut out the grey river and its masts. Shooter's-hill looks distant in the thin fog; there is not a break in the low-toned sky; and the gallant golfer is not the less inclined to consider himself back in Scotland again when he overhears his companion suddenly say to a dilatory attendant, "Whut the deevil ur ye daein' here? Get on, man!" It is thus that they sing the songs of Zion in a strange land.

Now at the beginning of the game a little law is allowed; and if the player chooses he may place the small

white ball on a tiny heap of sand in order to deliver the first blow more effectually. Shall we calculate the chances of the new comers by this "teeing?" MacCallum-Mhor, having carefully placed the ball, kicks aside a twig here or there to clear the way, grasps his club, straightens up his shoulders, and has a look across the broad and shallow sand-pit near him, on the farther side of which stands the scout with his red flag. The younger man also carefully places his ball; he too measures his distance, and delivers a heavy blow—but, somehow, the ball flies off at an angle, it drops short of the opposite crest, and comes rolling down into the hollow. By the time the small crowd of people has walked round to the other side of this little valley, the players have already crossed, and each is doing his utmost to get his ball, with the fewest possible number of strokes, into a certain small hole dug in the ground. But then MacCallum Mhor has it all his own way; for at the very first stroke he came within a few yards of this particular spot. At present his ball is within three-quarters of a yard of the small black hole. He chooses a particular club; measures distance and direction carefully; gives the ball a tap, and as straight as a line can go it trundles along and disappears. He picks it out; tosses it to an attendant to be sponged; and takes another to continue the game. If

there were any betting going on, the small crowd would be inclined to back the elder of these two players.

And what is the opinion which the unexcited Southron forms of this imported pastime? Well, it is obviously one that involves a good deal of physical effort, as well as the exercise of trained skill of various kinds. In the case of long courses, the holes or goals are sometimes a quarter of a mile apart; and a good player must be prepared to put all his strength into the blow which he then deals at the ball. Then he must be able to judge distances accurately; he must be capable of taking sure aim and sending the ball in a straight line; and he must have experience of the various chances which may befall him on uneven ground. The golf-player does not desire a smooth plain. His best ground lies near the sea, where the sand has been washed in bygone ages into all sorts of gentle hills and dales; and failing that, an occasional gravel-pit offers the best obstruction he can get. When one of the longed-for holes lies close by the brink of some abrupt hollow, the manœuvring with which a skilful player will get his ball over the hollow, and yet not too far on the other side, is beautiful to witness. There is not, certainly, the nicety of billiard playing in the performance; but there is a vast deal more of exercise in the game, and the air that one breathes—even when the east winds are blowing—is pre-

ferable to the gas-smoke of a billiard-room. Indeed, there is so much exercise in the game, that one can observe our hardy mountaineers, who hail from the north, puffing and blowing at times in a fashion which suggests that they are not quite in condition to go "chasing the wild deer and following the roe." Perhaps our southern fashions have corrupted them. City dinners are not a good preparation for work of this sort. The mountaineer's legs may keep firm enough, but heavy luncheons begin to alter his figure somewhat and keep him scant of breath. Ought the corpulent golfer to "Bant," or trust to his favourite exercise to restore to him his wonted length of wind? The latter is the more natural method, certainly, although we are in these times so given over to the teachings of physiology that one can scarcely understand how Shakspeare managed to get through such an enormous amount of intellectual labour, considering that he was probably unaware that there is phosphorous in fish, and that Greek wines are good for the exhausted brain.

A CHAPTER ON GOLF.*

Six o'clock has rung, and groups of artisans are sauntering along to their daily toil; we pass them and the busy housemaids, who are at work dusting carpets and cleaning bell handles, and in fifteen minutes we are on the links, and then we look around for one minute on the glorious prospect. There is the sky festooned overhead with blue and fleecy clouds, and the choristers of heaven flapping their glittering plumage in the golden sunbeams; there is the sea, calm as a silver mirror, and dotted with ships and fishing boats, the measured sounds of whose oars boom solemnly along the face of the deep; there is the town itself, with its white towers and steeples, and the smoke of breakfast fires, your own among the rest, curling up like incense; there are the fields of yellow corn ripening for the harvest; there is the greensward underneath your feet, literally sparkling with floral jewels—the white gowans, the sheep gowans, the yellow butter-cups, the sea-pinks, and the bluebells, all appealing in turn to different senses; and last, and not least, there is yourself in health and

* From *Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1854.

vigour; and in all this happy world there is nothing more poetical, although to dull mortals it may seem prosaic, than the firm tread and buoyant bearing of genuine physical vigour.

But we are on the links to play and not to moralise. Very well then, to work. Thomson takes a handful of brown sand from a hole, excavated for the purpose, and, forming a small pyramid, the ball is carefully placed on the apex. The club is then taken in hand, and, after two or three trial-aims, the implement is swung round with full radius, and the ball takes an upward flight of some hundred feet, and disappears behind a small hill. Forthwith, an attendant urchin, y'clept *a cadie*, darts off in pursuit, and has its whereabouts fixed before the party come forward. Smith has his ball ready, but by this time a boy with a fleet of cows, or a couple of nymphs with washing baskets, are seen hovering in the locality where Smith, from long experience, knows that his ordnance is likely to fall, and he has to pause. The delay is needful, because a blow with a golf-ball may be fatal, and in no circumstances is pleasant; and so much is this understood and acted on, that in some districts the authorities are Vandalistic enough to prohibit the sport entirely.

"Hollo, you, there!" shouts the remaining cadie, "cut your stick, will you! and look sharp about it!"

The parties admonished, knowing from experience that golfers do not brook delays, immediately act on the polite hint given by the youth, and there now being a clear field, Smith in turn proceeds to send off his ball. But instead of causing it to describe a brilliant parabolic curve like his antagonist, his shot produces a low horizontal movement, which carries the ball to a greater distance. Both having played, it is time that the party should move off, but you are a stranger, and as there are spare clubs and balls, you are courteously invited to try your hand; and, sooth to say, inasmuch as Messrs. Thomson and Smith struck their balls with so much ease, you do not think that there can be any great difficulty in the matter, and you grasp the proffered implement without any hesitation. But, tyro, beware! When one looks at a gardener mowing grass, there does not in all the world appear to be a more simple operation. Well, friend, try it, sweep first, and you bury the point of the scythe in mother earth; sweep second, and you innocently brush the tip of the grass-blades; sweep third, and you cut the grass in some places, but not in others; sweep fourth, you feel the perspiration running down your forehead, and your shoulders aching, and you give up the operation in despair. It is the same with Golf. Your friends advise you not to attempt a heavy stroke, but you are determined to do something brilliant, and you draw full force, but as

you have struck nothing, you swing round on one foot, and narrowly escape falling on your nose. Of course you are certain that by striking lower the next time you will do business—but this time the club comes thump upon the ground, and a tingling pain runs from the wrist to the elbow. Messrs. Thomson and Smith are too polite to interfere—indeed, you do not give them time, for you are anxious to retrieve the blots on your escutcheon, and in fury you strike again. All at once you are taken back by a sharp crack, and a feeling of lightness comes over your grasp. *You have broken the club.* The head nearly paid its compliments to Thomson's encephalon, and as for the ball it is at Smith's feet, having positively not been dispatched, notwithstanding your Herculean effort, one yard from your standing point. You gaze at the shattered shaft in your hand, and have to admit, with shame and confusion, that golf, like everything else, cannot be mastered without experience, and that the ease and dexterity of veterans in the art is not the result of chance, but of long and continued practice. Now at last we move off in earnest.

Thomson's ball lies in an advantageous position, and a red flag denoting the goal is seen fluttering in the distance. His next stroke sends the ball within a yard of the staff, and this is by all pronounced to be a good shot. Smith

has not been so fortunate, his ball lies in a sand-rut, whilst some ungainly whins are in the vicinity, and he calls despairingly for the *iron*. The ball is driven from its lair, but the awkwardness of its site has prevented an effective blow, and it has not been propelled onwards to its destination further than some ten feet, and this turns the scale in Thomson's favour, who tries to hole his ball with the third shot, but the touch given is homœopathically too strong, and it provokingly bounds over the hole. Smith now comes up within a foot. Thomson holes, but Smith is also entitled to play, in order that the shot may be equalised, and as he also holes with the fourth shot, the first hole is a draw between the two players.

This, then, is golf, consisting of pedestrianism round the margin of the links, two or three powerful blows, and two or three delicate manipulations. No game that yet has been invented affords more gentle and equable exercise, and if, at first sight, it seems to the players of more active sports to be too tame for general acceptance we must refer in proof of contrary experience to the antiquity of golf, and to the numbers, distinction, and enthusiasm of its votaries.

We have now to refer to some singular feats in golfing, properly so called, as well as to some wonderful performances, which, although performed by golfers, are not legi-

timately within the sphere of the game. Of the first class may be mentioned the dexterity of a northern player, who was in the habit of striking off three balls from one hole to another (the distance being nearly five hundred yards) with such precision, that giving a uniform number of strokes to each ball, the three would so cluster round the second hole that the player could touch them all with his club, To the uninitiated other kinds of feats had a greater appearance of the marvellous. When striking a ball on a lnrge common, the vertical or horizontal distance traversed cannot be accurately judged, except by a practised eye; hence, to send a ball up to the top of the mountain, or over the apex of a public building, confers on the golfer laurels which could not be accorded to him on his own proper field. Some daring spirit, having evidently steeplechases in his eye, conceived the bold idea of driving a ball from Bruntsfield Links to the top of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh—a performance which appeared so extravagant to a local historian who flourished in the middle of last century, that, like the steam navigation of the Atlantic, it was dogmatically asserted to be an utter impossibility. It has, however, been accomplished, affording another instance, among many, of the danger of rash assumption of the prophetic office. The feat has not been tried latterly, as the number of houses and streets that intervene would

render it a tedious, although, having duly the fear of our own warning before our eyes, we shall not add—an impracticable operation.

The next enterprises that deserve notice are the driving of balls over public buildings; and the first of these was a bet, taken in 1798, that no two members of the Burgess Golfing Society of Edinburgh could be found capable of driving a ball over the spire of St. Giles's Church. The late Mr. Sceales of Leith, and Mr. Smellie, printer, were selected to perform this formidable undertaking, and they were allowed to use six balls each. The required elevation was obtained by a barrel stave, suitably fixed. The balls carried considerably higher than the weather-cock, and were found nearly opposite the Advocates' Close. The bet was decided early in the morning, in order to prevent accident and interruption, and the balls were struck from the south-east corner of Parliament Square. For greater precision an erection for the judges was placed near the weather-cock. The height, including base distance, is a hundred and sixty-one feet. After-experiment demonstrated that the undertaking was not up to the average stroke of formidable players.

The next match of the kind was to surmount the Melville Monument, situated in the new town of Edinburgh —a bet which the challengers could not have proposed had

they been aware of the St. Giles's affair, as the monument is only a hundred and fifty feet high, although it is possible that the parties in this second business, which took place many years after the other, may have thought that golfing had so much degenerated in modern times, that the chivalry of the last century could not be maintained. The wager was, however, duly won by a Writer to the Signet, *Anglicè*, an attorney.

One word more, and we end our chapter on golfing. If in selecting a pastime permanence be any recommendation, golf is evidently deserving of consideration. When the arm loses its vigour, cricket must be given up, feeble knees will not suit football, and the archer must cease to string his bow when the eyes grow dim. But golf outlives all—for as it does not heavily tax the bodily powers, that gentle-paced old age which Shakespeare says comes on us "frosty but kindly," is not incompatible with its moderate indulgence.

THE GOLFER AT HOME.*

THE following observations and reflections are not written either in praise or explanation of the game of golf. Golf, like cricket, is, as a game, beyond all praise, and none admit its merits more than a really good converted cricketer. It would be insulting, moreover, to the reader to inflict upon him a minute description of the game; if he is a Scotchman, he is probably personally acquainted with it; if he is an Englishman, he knows enough about it from description, or perhaps from having seen it played, not to consider it merely a savage kind of Scotch hocky, in which the players pursue a ball at full speed, the principal object in view being to break each other's shins, and do as much damage as may be to their persons, and to their dress, if they happen to have any.

Let us rather note the more peculiar features of the game, and the effect which it has for the time being upon the characters, or rather upon the tempers, of its votaries. Let us inspect the golfer in his golfing home, invade the privacy of his temple, and lay bare the secrets of his eager

* From *The Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1867.

yet calculating heart. To catch him thoroughly unawares, and too much rapt up in his game to fancy that he is unobserved, we must seek him in some place consecrated to golf. There is only one place that answers that description, the little town of St. Andrews, in Fife, in which let us imagine ourselves established. Here we breathe an atmosphere of pure golf; in which no living thing that does not play golf, or talk golf, or think golf, or at least thoroughly knock under to golf, can live.

Occasionally some darkened man, to whom the game is unknown, comes here. If he is a distinguished stranger, pains are usually taken to enlighten him; the points of the game are explained to him, and for a day, or may be two or three days, he is looked upon with that interest with which proselytes are usually regarded. But very, very soon, unless he really takes to the game, and plays it decently, he sinks out of notice entirely, or is at best regarded with considerable dread, by the very people who have taken such pains to instruct him, lest perchance he should ask them to play with him, and so waste their valuable time, and spoil their matches and their tempers. If he is not a distinguished stranger, he is of course tabooed at once, and handed over to croquet and the ladies, if they will have him. When the golfing day is done, and one would fancy he might at length be allowed an innings,

he does not find himself much better off; he hears nothing but golf talked at dinner, and the other gentlemen present discuss, stroke by stroke, the matches they have been playing that day. Even if he grovels to them, and affects an interest in the game, he does not find himself listened to, as the company would much rather talk over their own games than listen to any remarks, however theoretically correct, which he may make.

There is a very comfortable little club at St. Andrews, which, like all the other institutions of the town, is subservient to golf. It stands at the end of the links, or downs, upon which the game is played, and from the windows, with a good opera glass, you can rake the first part of the course, and judge from the features and gestures of the players returning, whether they are losing or winning. The parlour of this club will shortly form the scene of some of our observations.

Its members come from all quarters. There is a university at St. Andrews, and not only its students, but also its professors, almost without exception, are keen if not effective players. St. Andrews is a watering-place; of the visitors who frequent it, some come with the avowed intention of doing nothing but play golf, while others basely represent to their wives and families that they come for the sake of bracing air and sea bathing. Once, however,

let a monster of the latter class safely establish himself, he shakes off all domestic cares, and struts down to the club, in which, from that moment, he is practically lost to his family. If his house lies near the links, he *may* return to lunch, but if he does, he brings home some other golfer, madder than himself, and the two, when they are not eating, are discussing with more or less acrimony the events of the morning. He pursues the same course at dinner; so it may be imagined how extremely interesting golf as a subject soon becomes to all his relations. If he has children, he propagates the evil by putting into the hands of his boys at an early age the deadly weapons of his craft, which they use indiscriminately on the green and in the drawing-room; this entails a large glazier's account, not to mention considerable risk, to visitors in particular, and the public in general. As for his wife, she must amuse herself as best she can; she cannot even accompany him in his game as a spectator, the presence of ladies being by no means regarded with favour, as we shall see.

Besides the family men, who come for the season, many bachelors come in parties of four and eight, and stay for a week or so; they play golf by day, and whist by night, and very good fun it is for a short time. The air is delightfully keen, and the short intervals left by golf and whist are agreeably filled by eating and drinking voraciously and

sleeping profoundly. In addition to its own attractions, there is no better preparation for the moors than golf. It hardens the muscles, both of arms and legs; and the sportsman who can take his three rounds of St. Andrews links without feeling the worse for it, need not be afraid of knocking up about two o'clock on the 12th of August.

We shall select the first week of August for our inspection, when the regular summer visitors have arrived, and the sportsmen not yet departed for the moors. About the 12th the place will look much thinned, those who have shootings having gone to them, and those who have not being carefully lost to sight for a week, so that their friends may put the most flattering construction on their absence. It is a strange fact that a man does not like to admit that he is not going to shoot on the 12th. If you put it directly to him, he of course does not assert that he is going to shoot if he is not; but he always qualifies his answer by an explanation that for this year he must wait till the 15th, to his great annoyance and regret, owing to some unforeseen accident, domestic affliction in his host's family, or some such unanswerable reason. This is a degree better than being told by a straightforward friend that poor devils like you and him cannot expect to get grouse-shooting every year.

The golfer, having finished a large and late breakfast,

lights a cigar, and turns his steps towards the links and the club; so far there is nothing unusual in his proceedings. Presently he is joined by another, and then another golfer, and by eleven o'clock little knots form in front of the club and in the parlour, and the process of match-making begins. There is only one thing more difficult than getting a good match, and that is, avoiding a bad one. A man must be firm, and sometimes slightly unscrupulous, if he would be spared a match which will make him miserable for the day; for if he once begins a match he is bound in honour to play it all day, and he cannot better his condition. It is therefore a necessary though painful duty to himself always to be engaged till he falls in with a match which he thinks he can play with comfort and amusement. The most handsome and gentlemanly apologies from a bad partner afford no reparation for a lost day. It is of no use his trying to beguile the time, and soothe you wounded feelings by pleasant remarks and occasional jokes, if you are obliged to spend the day with your heavy iron in your hand, to enable you to dig him out of every sand-hole he puts his and your ball into. It is no substantial consolation to abuse him and his play heartily, as of course you will do whenever you escape from him. The day has been lost, and probably both temper and money too. Be warned in time, and never,

except in peculiar circumstances, be so entrapped. This may seem hard advice, but no one knows till he tries what a painful thing an unequal and uncongenial alliance in golf, as in matrimony, is.

Probably thoughts like these are foremost in the minds of the gentlemen, old and young, whom we see congregating in the parlour. They walk round and round each other with that guarded and cautious air with which a dog receives a stranger canine brother. Some, owing to their superiority, are comparatively free from solicitations, except from equals; and having probably arranged their matches over night, are finishing their cigars in luxurious ease. But even they are not always safe, as the game is sometimes played in foursomes, as rackets and billiards are. Now there is nothing a certain class of players like better than to get a good powerful driver to help them through the heavy part of the work; while (they flatter themselves) recompense him by the deadly accuracy with which they approach the hole, and "hole out," as it is called. Every man has, or fancies he has, a distinctive game. There is the "long driver," who hits as far in two strokes as a "short driver" does in three; but then, says the latter, "he (the long driver) is very wild and unsteady, and not to be depended upon when he gets near the hole." It is amusing to hear the "short driver"

applying balm to his soul, as he always does, with a view apparently of deceiving himself into the belief that "short driving" is *better* than "long driving." "Very few holes can be driven in two, and my three shots are quite as good as his; he has two long drives and a short stroke, while I have three moderate 'drives,' and get quite as far, and probably a good deal straighter, as if there is any wind he cannot keep the line." Again, "one good 'putt' is equal to two drives;" or, "the short game is the thing that tells." With such reflections and aphorisms he endeavours to console himself; but all the time there is nothing that annoys him more than being "out driven." Now, if two "short drivers" can get a "long driver" apiece, they are quite happy; they are helped through what is to them the most laborious part of the game, and at the same time have a sort of feeling that they are doing it themselves; and if they have any doubts about this, they have none as to who really wins the game, by his masterly approach to the hole and his deadly "putting." The "long driver" does not always overhear a very flattering account of him by his "short" colleague; he may perchance hear him telling a friend in confidence that it was all he (the short one) could do to keep him (the long one) straight, and so forth. But it cannot be denied that there are advantages to be derived by the "long driver" from such an alliance,

especially if, as is sometimes the case, he is not a good "putter."

Well, the adjustment of "long drivers" and "short drivers" goes steadily on, and as a rule we may take it for granted that nobody engages himself for a match which he *very* much dislikes. But all is not done when you have got a match which you don't dislike. Perhaps you find three men who, with yourself, will make a good foursome; there remains the question of adjustment, and this is an important one, and betrays what may be considered by a thoughtless looker-on a somewhat depraved side of the golfer's character. Each man wants the best partner, and very naturally; but while each man wants the best partner, each man does not like to admit that he is the worst player, and this gives rise to a slight mental struggle. If a man underrates his play, he may perhaps get a good partner, and win his match, but he wounds his self-conceit; if he overrates it, he loses his match, and makes an enemy of his partner for life: N.B., certain and immediate exposure follows overrating. But whether it be considered to the credit of golfers, or otherwise, they, as a rule, prefer to overrate their play; and this shows spirit and a certain amount of foresight. The fact is, there are pitfalls on every side, and on the whole the exposure consequent upon overrating is to be preferred. However genuine the modesty

may be which leads you to underrate your play, you will not get credit for it from your opponents; if you do so from any other motive, you will not have many chances of doing it again, and serve you right. Still it is mere wantonness to take the worst par'ner, without being obliged to do so; it shows arrogance and self-sufficiency, and is never supposed to be done from charitable motives. Thus the best feelings of our nature, while they forbid us wilfully to under-rate our play, equally forbid us vauntingly to take unto ourselves inferior partners, unless such burdens are unavoidably thrust upon us.

It is rather dull looking on at this match-making, so we had better take a turn round the links with one of the parties which is just setting out. Instruction and amusement alike may perhaps be derived from it. Colonel Burnett (long driver) and Mr. Greenhill (short driver) play Mr. George Browne (long and wild driver) and Mr. Tom Gurney (medium driver and desperate putter).

A difficulty arises at the very outset. The Colonel resents, though he does not openly object, to Mr. Browne being accompanied by "his women," as the Colonel ungallantly terms Mrs. Browne and her sister Miss Wilkinson. "The links," says the Colonel to his partner, "is not the place for women; they talk incessantly, they never stand still, and if they do, the wind won't allow their dresses to

stand still." If the Colonel would admit it, it is not the talking, or the moving, or the fluttering, that interferes with his game, so much as a certain nervousness, inevitable to gallant natures like his, lest he should not appear to the greatest advantage in the presence of ladies. The discomfort experienced by him is not singular. Mr. Tom Gurney, Browne's partner, is also somewhat uneasy; he is not unknown to Miss Wilkinson, he hopes not unfavourably known, and yet he is doomed to appear before her in somewhat scanty garments. The weather being very hot, he has dispensed with waistcoat, collar, and tie, and has endued himself in an alpaca jacket, which, though admirably adapted to the free use of the arms, is more becoming, as far as appearances go, to boys and monkeys than to grown men—especially men desirous of creating a favourable impression upon the fair sex. Add to this, he knows that if his side loses, the blame will be laid by Browne's female relations upon him, not Browne. They wait their turn at the beginning of the course, and off they go—Greenhill and Gurney striking.

The course is in the shape of a pot-hook, and consists of eighteen holes—nine out to the end of the pot-hook, and nine back again. As we all know, the object of the game is to get from hole to hole in as few strokes as possible. In a "foursome" the partners play alternately, the

"long driver" on the one side being pitted against the "long driver" on the other, and the "short" against the "short." Now two things are especially abhorred by the golfer while he is playing—the one is the human voice, the other is any movement of the human body in his vicinity. The moment a man begins to "address" his ball, as it is called, he expects that, as a matter of course, everybody near him will become dumb and motionless; if they do not, he either refuses to play till they obey, or plays and lays the blame of any bungle he makes upon their heads. It depends, however, upon his position and temper, what course he pursues. A man like Colonel Burnett, on hearing anybody near him talking, laughing, or moving, immediately grows hot about the ears, and walks away from his ball, intimating, at the same time, unmistakably to the offender, that there will be no sport forthcoming till he desists, and probably adding, that if he does not mean to play the game, the party had better break up before they get too far. Gurney, on the other hand, will play his ball, but if any mishap befall it, will grumble in an audible and plaintive voice about the interruption, not to the offender, but to the man who carries his clubs, into whose sympathising ear he pours his sorrows; the length of time that the grumbling continues depending upon his success.

To return to our "foursome;" everything goes on

pretty smoothly till about the third hole, at which point Gurney has sufficiently recovered from the shock which Miss Wilkinson's presence gave him, to button his alpaca jacket about him, and address a remark to her, just as Colonel Burnett is adjusting his "putter" for the sixth and last time. Of course this gives rise to heated ears, and a walk away from the ball, which produces immediate silence on the part of Gurney, but not on the part of the ladies, who are unaware of the offence committed. Accordingly, just as the Colonel after a short walk returns to his ball, Miss Wilkinson answers Gurney's observation; so the Colonel misses his stroke, and much grumbling about the irregularity of females appearing on the links is imperfectly overheard. The ladies are still pleasingly unconscious of the Colonel's wrath, and instead of gracefully withdrawing, begin to take an interest in the game, and ask Gurney questions about it, which he answers in a timorous and abrupt manner, justly dreading another outbreak on the part of his irascible opponent. Fortunately for him, that gentleman's attention is diverted by another painful incident, which occurs at the sixth hole.

Both parties have played an equal number of strokes from the fifth hole; the Colonel's partner has put his ball within a foot of the hole, and Gurney has played his to about a couple of yards from it. The Colonel and Browne

have now respectively to play, and Browne being farthest from the hole plays first and goes in; the Colonel, thinking that his ball is so ridiculously near the hole that he will not be called upon to put it in, knocks it away with the back of his club and says, "halved hole." But Browne promptly claims the hole, and tells the Colonel that if he wanted half he should have made sure of it by "holing out." This is done more in fun than earnest, as the Colonel is known to be a great martinet. But a very dangerous joke it proves; the Colonel deeply resents it, and asks, "What is to become of all the good feeling of the game if a man takes such a dirty advantage as that? Whether Browne thinks that he (the Colonel) would not have holed that ball nine times out of ten?" and so on. However, peace is apparently restored, and the game goes on. At the ninth hole, to the great relief of some of the party at least, the ladies leave them, and make for the beach: Gurney unbuttons his jacket, and the Colonel breathes freely again. The game has been going pretty evenly, and Browne's side turns one hole ahead, an advantage, however, which very soon disappears. The wind having been at his back on the way out, Browne has driven steadily enough; but now the wind meets him, and a good deal of fancy driving ensues. If you hit a ball with what is called

the heel of the club, a sort of screw is put upon it, which makes it twist away to the right; if with the toe of the club, it twists to the left. If there is a high wind it exaggerates these erratic tendencies, and the higher a man hits his ball, the more it is affected by the wind. Now Browne always hits his ball high, and usually hits it with either the heel or the toe of the club with wonderful impartiality, instead of hitting it fairly with the centre, as he ought to do; the consequence is, that as the course at St. Andrews is too narrow to admit of much deviation from the straight line, Browne's ball is as often in the "bent" and whins which lie at either side of the course as on the course itself. Just as the party are coming round the curve of the "pot-hook," Browne hits and heels a terrifically high ball, which is caught by the wind, and whirled miles into the whins. After a protracted search, behold the plaintive Gurney up to his knees in a whin, making frantic endeavours to catch a glimpse of his ball, which is hidden among the roots; suddenly we see the bush convulsed, small pieces of whin flying in every direction before the iron of the furious Gurney, and the ball emerges, not in the direction of the hole, but perpendicularly, and finally lands upon the player's shoulders. According to the stern rules of golf, the ball having touched him, *ipso facto*, the hole is lost. He emerges from the whin, with his legs still tingling and

his left wrist slightly sprained, from having had to cut through a root, in order to get at the ball. The next hole is played in solemn silence; but in the course of the one succeeding, Brown varies his partner's entertainment by pulling his ball round with the toe of the club into the whins at the opposite side; another search, another ineffectual uprooting of a whin, and Gurney again emerges, but this time, wonderful to relate, with a comparatively cheerful countenance. He takes out a cigar-case, lights a cigar, and walks along contentedly smoking it, and apparently enjoying the scenery. This is a fatal sign. When a man smokes, he is either winning very easily or has given up all hopes of winning; when a man draws the attention of his partner to lights and shades, and the beauty of the scenery generally, it is tantamount to his saying, "As mere exercise this is a very pleasant and healthy occupation—plenty of fresh air, a charming day, and St. Andrews looks very well from here; but as to its being golf, to play with a fellow who puts you into a whin or a bunker every other stroke"———

That this is the state of Gurney's mind at present becomes more apparent by his playing his next stroke with one hand, of course losing the hole. Soon, however, he is roused from his apathy by the Colonel also getting into grief, and at the third hole from home makes the match

all even by a wriggling, bolting ten yards "putt," which goes in like a rabbit. At the next hole an appalling instance of retributive justice is witnessed; the Colonel's vigilant wrath has merely smouldered for a while, and a fatal opportunity for its explosion presents itself. Browne, in preparing to putt a ball into the hole, and pressing his "putter" against it, moves the ball about half an inch, and follows it up by hitting it. Here the Colonel, with great calmness, claims the hole. "You struck your ball twice, sir. Mr. Gurney should have played. If we are to play the game strictly, that's my hole." Browne is so fairly caught, that he bursts into a laugh, and gracefully yields up the hole. This gives the Colonel's side a hole to the good, which they keep to the end, thus winning a closely contested match by one hole. As they walk towards the club for lunch, the Colonel puts his hand affectionately upon Browne's shoulder, and assures him that he would not have thought of claiming hole No. 16 if Browne had not been rather hard upon him at the sixth hole, and with the exception of a plaintive sigh from Gurney, as he pays his five-shilling bet to his opponent, all is peace and good-humour. And, notwithstanding the little exhibitions of temper which we have seen, golf is really a good-natured game. During a match some men may be rather over-keen, and from their very keenness lose their

temper for the time, but they are the first to regain it when the occasion is past. Perhaps the secret of this is that it is such an invigorating, healthy game, that a man cannot foster ill-nature for such trivial matters as a hole won or lost; accordingly, winners and losers turn voraciously to their lunch.

But it must not be supposed that their game is lost sight of now. They find most of the players who preceded them at lunch, and everybody enquires after everybody else's game. If a man has won, he has of course no objection to say so, and does so curtly, as if it were a matter of certainty that he should win. If he has lost, he does not like to answer directly, unless he has an opportunity also of explaining how it happened. For instance, to watch our friends of the morning: as the Colonel is lighting a cigar, a friend asks how his match ended, and is answered by the monosyllable "won." Gurney is also inquired of, but as the Colonel is sitting at his elbow, finds it convenient to have his mouth full of cold beef at the moment. He, however, avails himself of a subsequent opportunity of putting the inquirer in full possession of the particulars of Browne's evil doings and irregularities, and the Colonel's sharp practice. After three quarters of an hour allowed for lunch and a cigar, the players again take the field, and continue their game till about half-past five. We

need not follow them, having seen enough for the present of their manners and customs. We know how they will all march round and round, wrapt up in their own games; how they will growl and murmur if they are kept an instant waiting by the party in front, and how they will remonstrate indignantly, nay, even foraciously, if a ball from the party behind comes anywhere near them, while, at the same time, they will not scruple to touch up the party in front by sending a ball among them if they conveniently can; how each man will converse almost exclusively with the man who carries his clubs, from whom he will accept any amount of soft sawder and advice, now anxiously inquiring what part of the club he hit the last ball with, and now observing coyly "that ball went away well;" all this we have already seen, and one round may fairly be taken as a sample of the next.

It only remains to take a glance at the golfer when he regains his domestic circle. Having gained a noble appetite by his exertions, he is sufficiently recruited by a bath and dressing for dinner to discourse volubly about his game during that meal. He will probably have some golfing friends dining with him—but we recommend the uninitiated to take the precaution of furnishing themselves with a manual of the game and a map of the course to enable

them to follow intelligently the various addresses on the subject to which they will be compelled to listen, but in which they will not be permitted to take part. For their consolation, however, we may throw out the hint that if any gentleman is fond of female society, he will have an uninterrupted innings at St. Andrews. During the hours of golf the young ladies are most shamefully neglected, owing to the conscription levied by the game, and would, no doubt, gladly receive deserters, or those who have not yet been enrolled.

No close observer of the golfer has recorded whether any phenomena are to be observed in him during sleep; whether, like a dreaming greyhound, his limbs move in conformity with the occupations of the day. It is ascertained beyond question that he dreams about golf; dreams how he hit a ball which seemed as if it would never come down, and when it did, fell into the next hole a quarter of a mile away; dreams how he habitually holes out at thirty yards, and how neither "bunkers" nor whins can hold him. All this, and much more, he has been known to dream; but as yet no complaints have been lodged by indignant wives of blows received during the watches of the night from hands wielding imaginary golf clubs; so we must assume that he reclines peacefully, especially as if there existed cause of complaint on this score we should hear of

it, the game being by no means regarded with favour by the ladies. Having followed him to his lair, let us bid the golfer good-night; and if any one is inclined to scoff at his untiring zeal and keenness about the game, let him suspend judgment till he too has been exposed to its fascinations. Doubtless, after a month's experience, he in his turn will prove an interesting subject of inquiry, and will help to develop some undiscovered vein in the golfer's character.

H. J. M.

EARLY LEGAL REFERENCES TO GOLF.

THE first notice we have of golf occurs in an Act of Parliament in 1457, a most unlikely place, perhaps the last where a golfer would seek for information regarding his favourite amusement. The Act runs thus:—"THE XIV. PARLIAMENT of KING JAMES the Second, halden at Edinburgh, the sext daie of the moneth of March, the zeir of God ane thousand foure hundreth fiftie-seven zeires.

"ITEM.—It is decreeted and ordained that the weapon-schawinges to be halden be the Lordes and Barronnes Spiritual and Temporal, foure times in the zeir. And that the *Fute-ball and Golfe be utterly cryed downe, and not to be used.* And that the bow-markes be maid at ilk Parish Kirk, a pair of Buttes, and Schutting be used. And that ilk man shutte sex schottes at the least, under the paine to be raised upon them, that cummis not at the least, twa pennyes to be given to them, that cummis to the bowe-markes to drinke. And this to be used fra *Pasche* till *Alhallow-mes* after. And be the nixt Midsommer to be reddy with all their graith without failzie. And that there be a bower and a fledgear in ilk head town of the Schire. And that the town furnish him of stuffe and

graith, after as needs him thereto, that they may serve the countrie with. And as teitching the *Fute-ball and the Golfe,* to be punished be the Barronnis un-law, and gif he takis not the un-law, that it be taken be the Kingis Officiares. And that all men, that is within fiftie, and past twelve zeires, sall use schutting." This is the first notice of the existence of golf in Scotland which has been found as yet, and it dates far enough back to entitle our game to be called the "*ancient* game of golf."

The next notice we have of the game is in 1471. Whether the Act of James II. was not attended to, or whether the people had got so enamoured of their game, we are not informed, but the Parliament of James III. felt called upon to prohibit the game likewise in the short space of fourteen years from the previous Act. The Act runs as follows :—

"The VI. Parliament of King James the Third, halden at Edinburgh, the sext daie of the moneth of Maij, the zeire of God ane thousund foure hundreth seventie-ane zeires.

"ITEM.—It is thought expedient that no Merchandes bring speares in this Realme out of ony uther cuntry, bot gif they conteine sex elne of length, and of a clyft: nor that na bower within this cuntrie make na speares, bot gif they conteine the samine length. And quha that dois the

contrair, that the speares be escheited, and the persones punished at the kingis will. Also, that ilka zeamen that cannot deale with the bow, that he have ane gude axe, and ane targe of ledder, to resist the schot of England, quhilk is na coist but the value of a hide. And that ilk Schireffe, Stewart, Baillie, and uthers Officiares, mak weapon-schawinges within the boundes of their office, after the tenour of the Acte of Parliament, sa that in default of the said weapon-schawinge our Soveraine Lords Lieges be not destitute of harnes, quhen they have need. And that the *Fute-ball and Golfe be abused in time cumming*, and that the buttes be maid up, and schuting used, after the tenour of the Acte of Parliamente maid thereupon." It would appear, as if in the short space of twenty years, this second Act had shared the fate of its predecessor. Whether the local authorities had failed to enforce it, or whether the passion for foot-ball and golf had been irrepressible, we do not learn, but in any case, in a comparatively short period we again find Parliament dealing with the question.

As in the respective reigns of King James II. and King James III., so in 1491, in the reign of King James IV., another very pointed and emphatic enactment was passed against the innocent amusements of foot-ball and golf. It runs thus:—

"The III. Parliament of King James the Fourth, halden

the auchtenth day of the Moneth of Maij, the zeir of God, ane thousand four hundreth, ninetie ane yeires.

ITEM.—It is statute and ordained that in na place of the Realme there be used *Fute-ball, Golfe,* or uther sik unproffitable sportes, but for common gude of the Realme and defence thereof. And that bows and schutting be hanted, and bow-markes maid therefore ordained in ilk parochin, under the paine of fourtie schillinges to be raised be the Schireffe and Baillies foresaid. And of ilk Parochin ilk zeir, quhar it beis found in, that bow-markes beis not maid, nor schutting hanted, as is before said."

The object of these enactments, as will be apparent, was to prevent golf from interfering with the practice of archery, and so the more to enable our countrymen to cope with the greater superiority of the English in that respect, and of which superiority on the part of their enemies the Scotch too often had experience. Meantime gunpowder as an instrument of war having become gradually more common, archery fell into the background, and with it the enactments against golf. In the altered circumstances, the game of golf apparently became a highly popular amusement in an increasing degree, both among the higher classes as well as among the masses of the people.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

THE following selected anecdotes and incidents may prove interesting to the casual reader. A number of these narrations have, as may be observed, already a place in preceding portions of the present volume, chiefly in connection with the historical sketches.

EARLY CLUB AND BALL MAKING.

Even as early as 1603 club-making had become of such importance, that we find King James VI., in that year, appointing William Mayne, "bower burgess of Edinburgh, during all the dayis of his lyiftyme, clubmaster to his Hienes;" so much for club-making two hundred and fifty years ago in Scotland. But it would appear as if the golf-ball of Scottish manufacturers had not been giving satisfaction, as large numbers were imported from Holland, no doubt on account of their superiority over the native article. In order to protect and encourage the Scottish makers, King James deals with the case in 1618, and in a letter that year states that as "no small quantitie of gold

and silver is transported yeirlie out of his Hienes' kingdome of Scotland for bying of golf balls," James Melvill and others are granted the right of supplying all balls within the kingdom, and prohibiting all others from making or selling them for the space of twenty-one years. The cost of each ball to "exceid not the pryce of four schillingis money of this realm," and Melvill, "for the better tryell heiroff," was ordained to have "ane particular stamp of his awin, and to cause mark and stamp all suche ballis maid be him and his foirsaidis thairwith, and that all ballis maid within the kingdome found to be otherwayis stamped *sall be escheated.*"

THE DUKE AND THE SHOEMAKER.

During the residence of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., in Edinburgh, in 1681 and 1682, he was frequently to be seen playing at golf with some of the nobility and gentry, on the Links of Leith. Two English noblemen one day debated the question with his Royal Highness, as to whether Scotland or England were entitled to the honour of originating the delightful pastime, and having some difficulty in agreeing on the subject, it was proposed to decide the argument by an appeal to the

game itself, the Englishmen agreeing to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions, together with a large sum of money, on the result of the match, to be played with any Scotsman the Duke chose to bring forward. The person recommended to him for this purpose was a poor man named Patersone, a shoemaker, who was regarded as the best golfer of the day. On being asked to play, Patersone modestly expressed great unwillingness to enter into a match of such consequence; but on the Duke encouraging him, he promised to do his best. The match was played, in which the Duke and his humble partner were of course victorious, and the latter was dismissed with his full share of the stake played for. With this money Patersone built a comfortable house in the Canongate, on the wall of which the Duke caused a stone to be placed, bearing the arms of the Patersone family, with the addition of a crest, a hand grasping a club, and the appropriate motto, "Far and Sure."

SMOLLETT'S DESCRIPTION OF LEITH LINKS IN 1766.

Smollett, writing in 1766, thus notices the game, and describes its votaries as he found them at that period:—I never saw such a concourse of genteel company at any

races in England, as appeared on the course at Leith. Hard by, in the field called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themselves at a game called golf. Of this diversion the Scotch are so fond, that, when the weather will permit, you may see a multitude of all ranks mingled together in their shirts, and following the ball with the utmost eagerness. Among others, I was shown one particular set of golfers, the youngest of whom was turned of fourscore. They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amused themselves with this pastime for the best part of a century, without having ever felt the least alarm from sickness or disgust; and they never went to bed without having each the best part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exercise, co-operating with the keen air of the sea, must, without doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and steel the constitution against all the common attacks of distemper.

EARLY REFERENCES TO EXPENSES CONNECTED WITH GOLF-PLAYING.

Scattered throughout biographies, State documents, family note-books, and other sources, we find a good many references made to expenditure, as well as to losses and gains, connected with the game. Many of these are

highly interesting as throwing a side light on the usages of this popular as well as aristocratic pastime. The following may serve as instances of such entries. It is hardly necessary to add that the sums are *Scots*, not *sterling* money :—

KING JAMES II.

The following entries occur in the *Accounts of the Lords High Treasurers of Scotland* :—

1503-4. Feb. 3.	Item to the King to play at the Golf with the Erle of Bothwile,	xlij.s
	Item to Golf Clubbis and Ballis to the King that he playet with,	ix.s
1505-6. Feb. 22.	Item for xij Golf Ballis to the King, ...	iiij.s
1506. July 18.	Item, the xviij day of July, for ij Golf Clubbis to the King,	ij.s

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

The following appears in *The Memorials of Montrose and his Times* :—

1628.	The 19th May—For two golf balls to my Lord, ...	3 lib. 17 sh.
	Item, My Lords lose at the golfe, .	10 sh.
	Item, For two goffe balls, my Lord going to the goffe there (Leith), .	10 sh.

SIR JOHN FOULIS OF RAMELSTONE.

From the Note-Book of Sir John Foulis, in Miscellaneous Papers relative to Scottish Affairs:—

1672.

Jan. 13.	Lost at golf with Pittarro and Commissar Munro, ...	£0	13	0
	Lost at golf with Lyon and Henry Hay, ...	1	4	0
Feb. 14.	Spent at Leith at golfe, . . .	2	0	0
26.	Spent at Leith at golfe, . . .	1	9	0
Mar. 2.	For three golfe balls, . . .	0	15	0
	Lost at golfe at Musselburgh, with Gosford, Lyon, etc., . . .	3	5	0
April 13.	Tó the boy who carried my clubs when my Lord Register and Newbythe were at the Links, . .	0	4	0
Nov. 19.	Lost at golfe with the Chancellour, Lyon, Master of Saltoun, etc., .	5	10	0
	For golfe balls, ...	0	12	0
Nov. 30.	Lost at golfe with Chancellour, Duke of Hamilton, etc., . . .	4	15	0
Dec. 7.	For a golfe club to Archie (his son),	0	6	0

KING CHARLES I. AND THE REBELLION.

King Charles I. was extremely fond of this exercise, and played much at Newcastle, the Links of Leith, and elsewhere. And it is said that it was when he was engaged with a party at golf on the Links of Leith, that the first

communication was delivered into his hands announcing the insurrection and rebellion in Ireland. The evil tidings affected Charles so deeply, that he instantly broke up the match and drove to Holyrood.

DRIVING A BALL OVER ST. GILES' STEEPLE.

In 1798 bets were taken in the Burgess Golfing Society that no two members could be found capable of driving a ball over the spire of St. Giles' steeple. Mr. Sceales of Leith, and Mr. Smellie, printer, Edinburgh, were selected to perform this apparently formidable undertaking. They were allowed to use six balls each. The balls passed considerably higher than the weather cock, and were found nearly opposite the Advocates' Close. The bet was decided early in the morning, in case of accident, the parties taking their station at the south-east corner of Parliament Square. The feat turned out to be one of easy performance. The height of the steeple, which is one hundred and sixty feet, together with the distance from the base of the church, was found to be much less than a good stroke of the club.

DRIVING A BALL TO THE TOP OF ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Another amusing feat of ball driving is associated with

Arthur's Seat. Were a person to play a ball from that point it is stated that he would probably have to walk half-a-mile before he could touch it again, and it had been declared that the whole art of man could not drive it back again. This, however, it appears, has actually been done. Arnot, the historian of Edinburgh, mentions that Topham had achieved that feat about 1775, or thereby.

GUTTA PERCHA BALLS *versus* LEATHER ONES.

We take the following from Robb's *Golf and Golfers* regarding the change from the old-fashioned leather balls to the modern gutta-percha:—There is nothing perhaps in the whole history of golf which has given a greater impetus to the game among all classes, than the substitution of gutta-percha balls for the old leather ones. The change can only be fully appreciated by those who have played golf under the old *régime* of those made with leather, stuffed with feathers. Witness the distress of one of these balls on a wet green. It got soaked with water, and every time it was struck, off came some of the paint, and ultimately—if it chanced to survive a round under such circumstances—it became so saturated with water, that almost no amount of physical strength could make it

"fly." And then to contemplate it next morning,—every seam gaping and laughing at our folly! But all this is changed since the introduction of the "gutta," with its round, well hammered surface. It refuses to be affected by water; and even after you have had the misfortune to be on the road with it two or three times, and perhaps bashed it with your cleek, and it has begun to lose the freshness of its youth, it has only to be remelted, and it makes its appearance again, ready to commence a new existence. And mark the difference in a financial point of view—and this was the grand difficulty of youths who essayed the game, and youth is the time to learn it; for if "learn young learn fair" is true in anything, it is particularly so in golf. The cost of a leather ball, of the *best quality*, was two shillings and sixpence, while the cost of a gutta percha one is only one shilling.

THE COCK O' THE GREEN.

Alexander M'Kellar, ironically called the *The Cock o' the Green*, and rendered famous by Kay including him among his *Edinburgh Portraits*, spent his life pretty much on Bruntsfield Links, playing by himself when unable to procure an opponent, and was even not unfrequently found practising at the "short holes" by lamp light. His golf-

hating wife, annoyed by his all-absorbing passion, on one occasion carried his supper and his night-cap to the Links. But M'Kellar, blind to satire, good humouredly observed to his better half that she "cou'd wait if she likit till the game was dune, but at present he had no time for refreshment."

PRINCE HENRY AND HIS DEBTS.

The lamented Prince Henry, eldest son of King James VI., sometimes engaged in a game of golf. At one time when playing a game, whilst his tutor Newton stood talking with another, and did not observe his Highness' warning to him to stand further off, the Prince, thinking that he had gone aside, lifted up his golf-club to strike the ball. Meantime, one standing by said to him, "Beware that you hit not Master Newton," whereupon the Prince, drawing back his hand, said,—"Had I done so, I had but paid my debts."

SIR HENRY RAEBURN A GOLFER.

Sir Henry Raeburn, the great painter, though ardently devoted to the duties of his studio throughout the week, made an exception of Saturday afternoons always in favour

of golf. Dr. Duncan tells us that on the first Saturday of June, 1823, he played with the aged artist on Leith Links what proved to be Sir Henry's last game, the distinguished artist being then in his 80th year!

THE BISHOP OF GALLOWAY AND THE VISION.

The historian Row gives an account of the following strange circumstance regarding the death of the "apostate" Bishop of Galloway (1610). Mysterious as it may appear, there seems to be a certain element of truth in a portion of the narrative. While on the Links of Leith at his favourite pastime of golf, for which he had had a very great love all his life, the Bishop was terrified by imagining that he saw a vision, and casting away his club, said—"I vow to be about with these two men who hes come upon me with drawn swords." When those who were with him replied, "My Lord, it is a dreame; we saw no such thing." But the Bishop remained silent, went home trembling, took to bed and died, "not giving any token of repentance for that wicked course he had embrased."

PRESIDENT FORBES AND HIS SON.

Duncan Forbes of Culloden, President of the Court of

Session, was another distinguished personage, who combined a keen love of golf with a highly laborious and useful career. He was such an ardent lover of the national amusement, that when the Links of Leith were covered with snow, he played on the sands. He was also in the habit of playing on the Links of Musselburgh. In connection with the latter Links, we find him making an amusing reference to a game he had with his son. He says—"This day (Nov. 1, 1728), after a very hard pull, I got the better of my son at the Gouf. If he was as good at any other thing as he is at that, there might be some hopes of him." In his poem of *The Goff*, Matheson, the author, makes reference to this highly-popular gentlemen, both as a distinguished golfer and on account of his great merits as a judge.

GOLF AND SUNDAY PROFANITIES IN OLDEN TIMES.

In another way do we come across not unfrequently references to golf, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In these times of Puritan strictness with regard to the Sabbath, the golf player, as well as other votaries of Sunday amusements, had given the local authorities in various parts of the East of Scotland a modicum of trouble. Some of the references to Sunday amusements and non-

church-going to be found in old burgh and kirk session records are very amusing:—

In 1592 the Town Council of Edinburgh ordained that "na inhabitants of the samyn be sene at ony pastymes or gammis within or without the toun upoun the Sabboth day, sic as Golf, etc.; and also, that thair dochters and wemen servands be nocht fund playing at the ball, nor singing of profayne sangs, upon the sam day."

In 1573 the Town Council find that "dyvers inhabitants of this burgh repaires upon the Sabboth day to the toun of Leith, and in tyme of sermons are sene vagrant athort the streets, drynking in taverns, or otherwayes at Golf, aircherie, or other pastymes upoun the Links, thairby profaning the Sabboth day," etc., and warn them to desist under the penalty of a fine of forty shillings.

In 1608, John Henrie, Patrick Bogie, and others were "accusit for playing at the Gowff on the Links of Leith everie Sabboth the time of the sermounes, notwithstanding oft admonitioun past befoir." Were convicted, and fined and ordained to be kept in prison until the fine was paid.

And again in Perth in 1604, Robert Robertson and others were convicted of profaning the Sunday, by absenting themselves from hearing of the Word, and playing at the Golf on the North Inch "in time of preaching." Robertson was fined "ane merk to the poor," and the

others had to appear the next Sabbath in the place of public repentance in presence of the whole congregation.

At Stirling, in 1621, David Hairt, "prenteis to Gilbert Bauhop, wrycht, confest prophanatione of the Sabboth, in playing at the Goff in the park of Stirling on the Sabboth aiftirnone in tyme of preaching," and therefore is ordained to pay a fine for the same.

In Berwickshire during 1651, the kirk session of the parish of Humbie ordain James Rodger, John Howdan, and others "to mak their publick repentance, having confessed thair prophaning of the Lord's day by playing at the Goff," and Howdan being a deacon, is deposed from his office.

DUTCH KOLF.*

THE Dutch game called kolf, from which the word golf is derived, as both are probably from the Greek word κολοφος, is played in an enclosed rectangular area of about sixty feet by twenty-five. The floor, which is a composition of sand, clay, and pitch, is made as level as a billiard table, and the inclosing walls are for two feet above the floor faced either with polished stone or sheet lead, that they may cause the ball to rebound with accuracy. At about eight or ten feet from each end wall, a circular post of about five inches diameter is placed precisely in the middle of the area with regard to breadth, consequently opposite the one to the other, and at the distance of forty feet or thereby. The balls used in the game are about the size of cricket balls, made perfectly round and elastic, covered with soft leather, and sewed with fine wire. The clubs are from three to four feet long, with stiff shafts. The heads are of brass, and the face with which the ball is struck is perfectly smooth, having no inclination, such as might have a tendency to raise the ball from the ground.

* From the *Statistical Account of Scotland*, Vol. XVI.

The angle, which the head makes with the shaft, is nearly the same with that of the *putting* clubs used at golf. The game may be played by any number, either in parties against each other, or each person for himself; and the contest is, who shall hit the two posts in the fewest strokes, and make his ball retreat from the last one with such an accurate length as that it shall lie nearest to the opposite end wall of the area. The first stroke is made from within a few inches of what is called the *beginning post*, and the player directs his ball as precisely as he can on the opposite one, that he may hit it if possible, computing at the same time the force of his stroke, so that should he miss it (which from the distance may be supposed to be most frequently the case), his ball may rebound from the end wall, and lie within a moderate distance of the post, and before it, *i.e.*, between the two posts, rather than between the post and the end wall. The reason of preferring this situation of the ball will appear by reflecting how much easier it is in that case to send the ball, after striking the post, back again towards the other one. The skill of the game consists in striking the post in such a way, whether full or otherwise, as may send the ball towards the place where you wish it to rest. It combines the address required both in golf and in billiards. Five points make the game; and such is the

difference between a capital and an ordinary player, that the former will give four points of the game, and frequently be the winner. This superiority of play I experienced myself at a *kolf baan* near the Hague, after I had considerable practice in the game, and was in fact no mean player. With the advantage of three points I was completely beaten, and even when I got four, I could hardly preserve any tolerable equality.

A great advantage of the game of kolf is that it can be played at all seasons, in all weather, as the place is as close as a house, while at the same time, by opening the windows, which are very large, you may have a sufficiency of air. There is generally a kind of apartment at one end of the *kolf baan*, two or three steps higher than the floor, where spectators may enjoy the sight of the game as far as the clouds of tobacco smoke, with which they commonly fill it, will allow.

GOLF IN FRANCE.

It is called *jeu de mail*, or the game of the hammer. It is exactly our golf, but played under different circumstances, and many of the men here attain to great perfection in it; but whether they could beat our best players I shall not venture to say. I think they would have a better

chance of beating us on our fields than we should them on their ground. Their club is made in the shape of a hammer, which gives rise to the name. The handle is rather longer than that of a golf club, of the same size and thickness, and having a good deal of spring in it. The part with which the ball is struck, and into which the handle is firmly fastened in the middle, is about four and a half inches long, by about two inches thick, round, but shaped in such a way as to give the greatest facility for striking the ball with precision, the one end being nearly flat, like the flat end of a hammer, with which the ball is usually hit, while the other is more sloped, so as to give a facility for striking the ball when it gets into a position of difficulty, and from which it requires some skill to extricate it, such as often happens also at golf. Both ends are strongly bound with iron, which is necessary to give weight to the club, as well as prevent the wood from breaking. The ball is solid and sound, made of the root of the box tree, about two inches in diameter, and consequently heavier than our balls. The game is played along the bye roads, in the neighbourhood of the town, sometimes with high banks on each side, sometimes ditches, at other places level, with the fields sometimes lined with hedges, but usually quite open. The surface of the ground is very variable; sometimes covered with deep

ruts, at others sandy and smooth, generally tortuous, and offering many obstacles to the course of the ball, which it is the object of the players to overcome in proceeding from one goal to the other. The goals are not very long, averaging perhaps half a mile; at the end of each is placed a touchstone, as it is called, which the players have to strike before the match is won, and he who can do it in the least number of strokes wins. The players must, however, keep on the road, as if the ball is struck off it, into a field for instance, the player loses three; so that he must make up that number, in counting his strokes, which gives his adversary a great advantage. Good players, I am told, hardly ever make false strokes of this kind, but can usually send their balls in any direction, and almost to any spot they wish. There is one man here who, they say, and he says so himself, can break a plate once in three times, at a distance of two hundred or three hundred yards; but their great trial of skill is to put up a target raised eighteen feet high from the ground, and, at a distance of fifty yards, to strike the ball through a hole in the centre six inches in diameter. It is quite a chance, they say, if the ball passes through this hole, but it is not uncommon for their best players to hit the target frequently. The target is about the size used at archery meetings in England.

ALEXANDER M'KELLAR,*

THE COCK O' THE GREEN.

ALEXANDER M'KELLAR, the "Cock o' the Green," was probably one of the most enthusiastic golf-players that ever handled a club. When the weather would at all permit, he generally spent the whole day on Burntsfield Links; and he was frequently to be found engaged at the "short hole" by lamp-light. Even in winter, if the snow was sufficiently frozen, he might be seen enjoying his favourite exercise alone, or with any one he could persuade to join him in the pastime. (When snow happens to be on the ground a *red* ball is used.) M'Kellar thus became well known in the neighbourhood of the green; and his almost insane devotion to golf was a matter of much amusement to his acquaintances. So thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of the game, that every other consideration seemed obliterated for the time. "By the la' Harry," or "By gracious, this won't go for nothing!" he would exclaim, involuntarily, as he endeavoured to ply his club with scientific skill; and, when victory chanced to crown his exertions, he used to give way to his joy for a second or

* From *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits.*

two by dancing round the golf hole. M'Kellar, however, was not a member of any of the clubs; and, notwithstanding his incessant practice, he was by no means considered a dexterous player. This is accounted for by the circumstance of his having been far advanced in years before he had an opportunity of gaining knowledge of the game. The greater part of his life had been passed as a butler, but in what family is unknown; nor indeed does it matter much. He had contrived to save a little money; and his wife, on their coming to Edinburgh, opened a small tavern in the New Town. M'Kellar had thus ample leisure for the indulgence of his fancy, without greatly abridging his income, and golf may be said to have virtually become his *occupation*; yet no perseverance could entirely compensate for the want of practice in his younger years.

His all-absorbing predilection for golf was a source of much vexation to his managing partner in life, on whom devolved the whole duty of attending to the affairs of the tavern. It was not because she regretted his want of attention to business—for probably he would have been allowed to appropriate a very small portion of authority in matters which she could attend to much better herself; but she felt scandalised at the notoriety he had acquired, and was not altogether satisfied with the occasional outlay

to which he was subjected, though he never speculated to any great amount.

No sooner was breakfast over than M'Kellar daily set off to the green; and ten to one he did not find his way home until dusk; and not even then, if the sport chanced to be good. As a practical jest on the folly of his procedure, it occurred to his "better half" that she would one day put him to the blush, by carrying his dinner, along with his night-cap, to the links. At the moment of her arrival, M'Kellar happened to be hotly engaged; and, apparently without feeling the weight of the satire, he good-naturedly observed that she might *wait*, if she chose, till the game was decided, for at present he had no time for dinner!

So provoked at length was the good dame, that she abhorred the very name of golf, as well as all who practised it; and to her customers, if they were husband's associates on the green, even a regard for her own interest could scarcely induce her to extend to them the common civilities of the tavern.

What betwixt respect for his wife and his fondness for golf, M'Kellar must have been placed in a rather delicate situation; but great as the struggle might be, all opposition was eventually overcome, and he determined to enjoy his game and be happy in spite of frowns, lectures, or entreaties. One thing alone annoyed him, and that was the

little countenance he was enabled to give his friends when they happened to visit him. At length an opportunity occurred, apparently highly favourable for an honourable *amende* to his long-neglected acquaintances. Having resolved on a trip to the kingdom of Fife, where she calculated on remaining for at least *one* night, his "worthy rib" took her departure, leaving him for once, after many cautions, with the management of affairs in her absence. Now was the time, thought M'Kellar. A select party of friends were invited to his house in the evening; the hour had arrived, and the company were assembled in the best parlour—the golf was the theme, and deep the libations—when (alas! what short-sighted mortals are we!), who should appear to mar the mirth of the revellers, but the golf-hating Mrs. M'Kellar herself! Both winds and waves had conspired to interrupt the festivity; the ferry had been found impassable, and the hostess was compelled to return. What ensued may be imagined. The contemplated journey was postponed *sine die;* and M'Kellar internally resolved to make sure, before giving a second invitation, that his spouse had actually *crossed the ferry!*

Happening to be at Leith one day, where his fame as a golfer was not unknown, M'Kellar got into conversation, in the club-maker's shop, with a number of glass-blowers, who were *blowing* very much about their science in the

game of golf. After bantering him for some time to engage in a trial of skill, a young man from Burntsfield Links opportunely made his appearance. "By gracious, gentlemen!" exclaimed M'Kellar, whose spirit was roused; "here's a boy and I will play you for a guinea!" No sooner said than a match of three games was begun, in all of which the glass-blowers were defeated. The "Cock o' the Green" was triumphant; and, not waiting till the bet had been forthcoming, he ran to the shop of the club-maker, announcing the joyful intelligence—"By gracious, gentlemen, the old man and the boy have beat them off the green!"

By way of occupying his time profitably on the *seventh* —the only day in the week he could think of employing otherwise than in his favourite amusement—M'Kellar was in the habit of acting as door-keeper to an Episcopal Chapel. On entering one day, old Mr. Douglas Gourlay, club and ball-maker at Burntsfield, jocularly placed a golf ball in the plate, in lieu of his usual donation of coppers. As anticipated, the prize was instantaneously secured by M'Kellar, who was not more astonished than gratified by the novelty of the deposit.

It was at the suggestion of the late Mr. M'Ewan and Mr. Gourlay that Kay produced the etching of the "Cock o' the Green." Going out purposely to the Links, the artist

found him engaged at his usual pastime, and succeeded in taking an accurate and characteristic likeness. When informed what Kay had been doing, M'Kellar seemed highly pleased. "What a pity," said he; "By gracious, had I known, I would have shown him some of my capers!"

Although pretty far advanced in life, M'Kellar continued to maintain his title of the "Cock o' the Green" for a considerable time. He died about the year 1813.

ALLAN ROBERTSON,*

The Champion Golfer.

ALLAN ROBERTSON, the greatest golf-player that ever lived, of whom alone in the annals of the pastime it can be said that he never was beaten, was born at St. Andrews on the 11th September, 1815. He came of a golfing race. His grandfather, Peter Robertson, who died in 1803, was a ball-maker and professional golfer. His father, too, David Robertson, who lived till 1836, followed the same trade, and was, moreover, a good player in his day—nay, few were better on the golfing green. As might be expected from such a generation of golfers, Allan took naturally to the Links. It is a fact that his very playthings as a child were golf clubs. As he grew up, this natural tendency, joined to a natural desire of his father that his son should continue the business of ball-maker, decided Allan's profession, and in due course of time he likewise took up the awl and the feathers to learn the manufacture of golf-balls.

At that period golfing was quite another thing from what it is now, or at least its accessories were. Gutta percha

* From the *Dundee Advertiser*, Sept., 1859.

was unknown, and golf-balls were composed of stout leather cases stuffed hard with boiled feathers. Their manufacture, indeed, was both a difficult and an arduous matter; and their expense when finished was such as to restrict the practice of the game, as a rule, to the more wealthy of the community. The Links of St. Andrews, in consequence, were less frequented than now; the course was rougher; the sport had an aristocratic and portly mien; and the matches of professionals were as pregnant with interest as any public event. It is not so now; the St. Andrews Links are crowded with careless multitudes luxuriating in the pastime cheapened to them by the discovery of gutta percha; and the game is popularised at the expense of its stately traditions.

Allan, however, commenced his golfing career in what, despite the dearness of leather and the paucity of players, we must still call the palmy days of golf. His entire nature was bent on being a golfer. It is yet told on the Links how Allan would rise betimes, and with shirt sleeves rolled up for better muscular play, start alone for practice across the deserted Links still wet with early dew. His success was abundant. Allan has improved in his day on the old theories of golf, and to him are owing many of the improved methods and styles of the present game. Some of these we will afterwards more particularly allude to.

In the spring of 1848, Mr. Campbell, of Saddell (we believe), brought a few experimental gutta percha balls from London to St. Andrews. They were not very first-rate, to be sure; were not hammered, and flew heavily. Still the material was unquestionably good and adaptable, and consternation stood on every face, Allan's included. And no wonder. The leather ball trade was the only one St. Andrews could boast of, and it was considerable, extending to exports to the colonies as well as home consumption. In Allan's shop alone there were made, for example, in 1840, 1021 balls; in 1841, 1392; in 1844, 2456; and so on. The introduction of gutta percha, which anybody could mould into a sphere, was a dreadful prospect for Allan and his brethren, and dire was their alarm. It is even related that Allan would gladly buy up all the gutta percha balls found among the whins, etc., and actually attempted to destroy the obnoxious interlopers with fire!

However, the influx was too great for this system to be pursued any longer, and about 1850 Allan entered regularly into golf-ball making from gutta percha; and we are glad to know that his labour, whilst it was easier to himself, was not a whit less rewarded than in the old monopoly days of feathers.

The life of a professional golfer, like Allan's, is so composed of continuous matches and a certain recurring same-

ness of incident, that we have found it impossible to trace in anything like a consecutive story the incidents of Allan's life. All we can do is to recall a few memories here and there, and give a selection in chronological order of his more important matches and feats.

Who will ever forget Allan, having once seen him! What Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair has been to the city proper, has Allan been to the Links of St. Andrews. They have unwittingly been in close partnership. Sir Hugh renovated a rough, ruined street; Allan had an eye the while to the improvement of the Links. Sir Hugh attracted citizens, Allan golfers. Ah! it was a magnificent partnership, and has done wonders. The analogy holds good between the two in other respects also. Who could do the honours of the Links like Allan? He was as perfectly at home with a descendant of William the Conqueror as with one of the cadies. Without the least tinge of servility, Allan could accommodate himself to everybody, and arranged everything on the golfing links with the politeness of a Brummel and the policy of a Tallyrand.

We have asked, Who that has once seen the champion golfer can ever forget him? Let us try to help the picture which every player will oft in fancy draw. Our scene is the St. Andrews Links on a genial summer's day. Allan's house crowns the summit of the slope; down towards the

sea—the blue, beautiful sea—lies the white Club-House, with its gravelled terrace. It is not yet eleven, that great hour of cause on the Links. Groups of cadies are prowling about; a clash and rattle of clubs are heard as you pass the club-makers' shops. One or two golfers are putting idly at the starting hole with their burnished cleeks, trying some impossible *putt*, which, if they had only done but yesterday, would have put a very different finish on to a certain match. Suddenly a golfer appears at the Club-House door; he looks about for somebody who is evidently lacking. "Where's Allan?"—the cry is repeated by telegraphic cadies right up to the champion's little garden. A minute elapses, and down comes the champion in hot haste to the Club-House. He is, you will recollect, oh! golfer, not of much stature, compact, rather robust indeed, with a short stoop, and short-necked. His face is pleasant to look at—rather Hibernian, indeed, with its habitual expression of drollery, which has almost given the stalwart golfer one or two dimples. He is dressed, as you must remember, in his favourite red jacket, and carries a cleek (a pet weapon) in his hand. But now the match is arranged. Allan has evidently got to nurse an elementary golfer. It is a foursome; Allan and his *protégé* against two rather good hands. Remark how pleasant the little man is; no miss of his partner causes a shade to habitual

good nature, and, ten to one, when the match comes in from their round, but the new player swears by Allan, and gives in his adhesion to golf for once and all.

But it was in a grand match that the figure of Allan should live in the memory of all. Who shall describe his elegant and beautifully correct style of play! The champion was remarkable for his *easy* style, depending on a long cool swing, and never on sheer strength. His clubs were of the *toy* description, as the slang of the Links hath it, possessing no weight or misproportion of wood. Indeed, in a word, Allan's game throughout was pure unadulterated science. No man, perhaps, so well united in his play all the bits of the game. Pretty driver as he was, we still stake our belief on Allan's short game, especially in quarter shots. And this was an important point in Allan's practice. He it was that introduced the deadly use of the cleek in playing up to the hole. Previous to about 1848 or 1849, short wooden clubs, the baffing, or short-spoons, were used for this important stroke—both difficult, and frequently inaccurate. But Allan employed the cleek to jerk up his ball; however badly it might lie, it was all the same; and this killing game, destructive to a certain extent to the green, is now all but universal.

To return to Allan's great matches. His coolness was unique, and almost miraculous. He was never known to

funk or indeed change his off-hand manner in the least. He was never beaten—proud epitaph. It is something to be the best in anything of all the world, and Allan stood confessed the model player. But it is not only as a golfer that Allan is to be deeply deplored. He was possessed of the best heart and kindliest feelings in the world. In the intricate dealings of the Links, in the formation and playing of great matches, Allan was honourable, just, and gentlemanly, from first to last.

Allan did much for golfing both in and out of St. Andrews. He has laid out capital Links in various districts, and played thereon himself to the incitement of beginners.

A new era is about to dawn on the golfing links; the old stars are paling; when will others arise? Hugh Philp, who knew how to make a club, is gone; gone, too, fine Allan, who knew how to handle one.

Up to the spring of the present year, Allan was a hale, stout little man, with scarcely the memory of an hour's illness. Temperate, too, in an uncommon degree, regular in his habits, and enjoying daily exercise on the links; no one could reasonably foretell the rapid change that has taken him from us. In the spring, Allan had an attack of jaundice, proceeding, we believe, from an abnormal state of the liver. He never rallied; and after six

months' weakness, he gradually sunk, and died on the 1st of September. God rest him, noble golfer, excellent companion—we will not easily see his like again.

We have already noticed how impossible it is, especially with imperfect means of information, to give a consecutive or full account of the champion's feats, but we subjoin a few, in hopes that this meagre outline may testify, in some small way, to the merit, as a man and a golfer, of Allan Robertson.

1840. Allan played a grand match with Tom Alexander, ballmaker, Musselburgh, over the St. Andrews Links, in October, and beat him by 4 holes, during the round at 95.

1842. Allan and Sandy Herd, played in a double, against Tom Morris and Jamie Herd, beating them by 2 holes. Strokes 91 and 94.

1842. Allan played a match in December with Tom Morris, beating him by 2 holes, and holing the Links at 93.

1843. Allan played during the month of June, over the St. Andrews Links, a great match of twenty rounds, two each day, against William Dunn of Musselburgh. Allan gained on the tenth or last day, by two rounds and one to play.

1843. Allan played a great match of 36 holes with William Dunn of Musselburgh, beating him by 8 holes, and holing the second round at 88 strokes.

1844. Allan played a match with William Dunn, over three links; 1st, on Musselburgh Links, where Dunn gained; 2nd, at North Berwick Links, where Allan was victorious; and 3rd, at St. Andrews, where he also won, thus gaining the match also.

1846. In April, Allan played another of his matches with W. Dunn: 1st, at Musselburgh, where Dunn beat Allan by 7 a-head and 5 to play; 2nd, at St. Andrews, where Allan won by 5 and 3; and 3rd, at Leven, where he also was victor by 6 and 4 to play, thus winning the match.

1846. Allan played with a single driving club against Captain Broughton, and holed the round of the St. Andrews Links at 95.

1848. Allan played a threesome with William Dunn and Tom Morris over Dubbieside Links. Allan holed 18 holes (two rounds), at 80; Thomas Morris at 89; and Dunn, at 91 strokes.

1849. A great match for £400 was played in the summer between Allan and Tom Morris against the two Dunns of Musselburgh, on three links, Musselburgh, St. Andrews, and North Berwick. At Musselburgh the

Dunns won at a canter, winning by 13 holes and 12 to play. At St. Andrews, however, Allan and Tom won their rounds, and retrieved some two or three holes. North Berwick was the deciding place, and at the commencement of the *last round of all*, the Dunns had four holes a head, and only eight to play. However, Allan and Tom, by a magnificent game, gained the first hole, then the second, halved the third, gained the fourth, halved the fifth, and gained the sixth, thus making the poll *all even!* and two to play. These two holes Allan and Tom also won, thus obtaining the match, one of the most brilliant and extraordinary in the whole annals of golfing.

1850. In October Allan and Tom Morris played over the St. Andrews Links a foursome against the two Dunns for £50 a-side. Allan and his partner finished at the burn hole by two and one to play, holing at 88.

1852. In October, over the St. Andrews Links, Allan and Tom Morris played a great match of 36 holes with Robert Hay, Esq., and William Dunn, Blackheath, for £100 a-side. Allan and his partner won by six holes a-head and five to play.

1853. In October, over the St. Andrews Links, Allan played a round with Captain John Campbell Stewart, 72nd Highlanders, winner at that meeting of the Royal Medal.

This round was halved, though Allan was three a-head and 4 to play, and dormy at the Burn.

At this time, also, Sir Thomas Moncrieffe and Allan played Tom Morris and Captain Fairlie. The first round was won by Allan and his partner, at 3 and 1 to play; and the second by their adversaries, at 4 and three to play. This foursome was played repeatedly, and on the whole play it may be said to have formed one of the closest matches on record.

1857. Allan and Andrew Strath, in May, over the St. Andrews Links, played a round against Tom Morris and Park junior, winning by six holes. Strokes, 84 and 90.

1858. On the 15th September, Allan, in a round with Mr. Bethune of Blebo, accomplished the round of the St. Andrews Links at 79 strokes, a number altogether unparalleled, and likely to remain so. The following are the particulars of this superb score:—Going out—1 in 4; 2 in 4; 3 in 4; 4 in 5; 5 in 5; 6 in 6; 7 in 4; 8 in 4; 9 in 4. Total, going out, 40. Coming in—10 in 4; 11 in 3; 12 in 5; 13 in 6; 14 in 4; 15 in 5; 16 in 5; 17 in 4; 18 in 3. Total, coming in, 39.

At various times Allan has holed the St. Andrews Links at the following numbers, selecting his best holes:—Going out—1 in 3 strokes; 2 in 3; 3 in 3; 4 in 3; 5 in 4; 6 in 4; 7 in 3; 8 in 1; 9 in 3. Total, 27. Coming in—10

in 3; 11 in 2; 12 in 3; 13 in 4; 14 in 4; 15 in 3; 16 in 3; 17 in 4; 18 in 3. Total, 29. Number of strokes to this selected round, 56.

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GOLFING GLOSSARY.*

Baff.—To strike the ground with the ball.
Bunker.—A sand-hole.
Caddie.—A person who carries the golfer's clubs, and who is generally conversant with the rules of the game.
Cup.—A small hole in the golfing course.
Dead.—A ball is said to be dead—1st, when it falls without rolling; 2nd, when it lies so near the hole that the put is a *dead* certainty.

* On the Foundation of H. B. Farnie.

Dormy.—As many holes a-head as there remain holes to play.

Draw.—To drive wildly to the left.

Face.—The sandy slope of a bunker; also, the part of the club-head which strikes the ball.

Flat.—A club lies flat when its head is at a very obtuse angle to the shaft.

Fore!—A warning cry to any person in the way of the stroke. Contracted for "Before."

Foresome.—A match in which two play on each side.

Gobble.—A rapid straight put at the hole.

Grassed.—A term used instead of spooned, to signify the slope of a club face.

Green.—Sometimes the links, but more generally the putting-green around the holes.

Grip.—The handle covered with leather by which the club is grasped.

Half-one.—A handicap of a stroke deducted every second hole.

Halved.—When each party takes the same number of strokes—a drawn game.

Hanging.—When the ground rises in any way behind the ball.

Hazard.—A general term for bunker, whin, or other bad ground.

Head.—The lowest part of the club.

Heel.—The crook of the head nearest the shaft.

Honour.—The right to play off first from the tee.

Lie.—The inclination of a club when held on the ground in the natural position for striking. The situation of a ball.

Links.—The open downs or heath on which the game is played.

Loft.—To raise the ball.

Match.—A party contesting a game. The game itself.

Miss the Globe.—To miss the ball.

Neck.—The crook of the head where it joins the shaft.

Nose.—The point or front portion of the club-head.

Press.—To strive to recover lost ground.

Put.—A gentle stroke when close to the hole.

Rind.—A roll of cloth under the leather to thicken the grasp.
Scare.—The narrow part of the club-head by which it is glued to the handle.
Set.—A pack of clubs.
Sole.—The flat bottom of the club-head.
Steal.—To hole an unlikely put from a distance.
Stimy.—When an opponent's ball lies in the line of your put.
Swipe.—A full shot or drive.
Swing.—The circular sweep of the club in driving.
Tee.—The pat of soil on which the ball is placed for the first stroke.
Third.—A handicap of a stroke deducted every third hole.
Topping.—Hitting the ball over its centre.
Upright.—When a club-head is not at a very obtuse angle to the shaft.
Whipping.—The pitched twine uniting the head and handle of the club.

THE END.

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